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EASTER

1894

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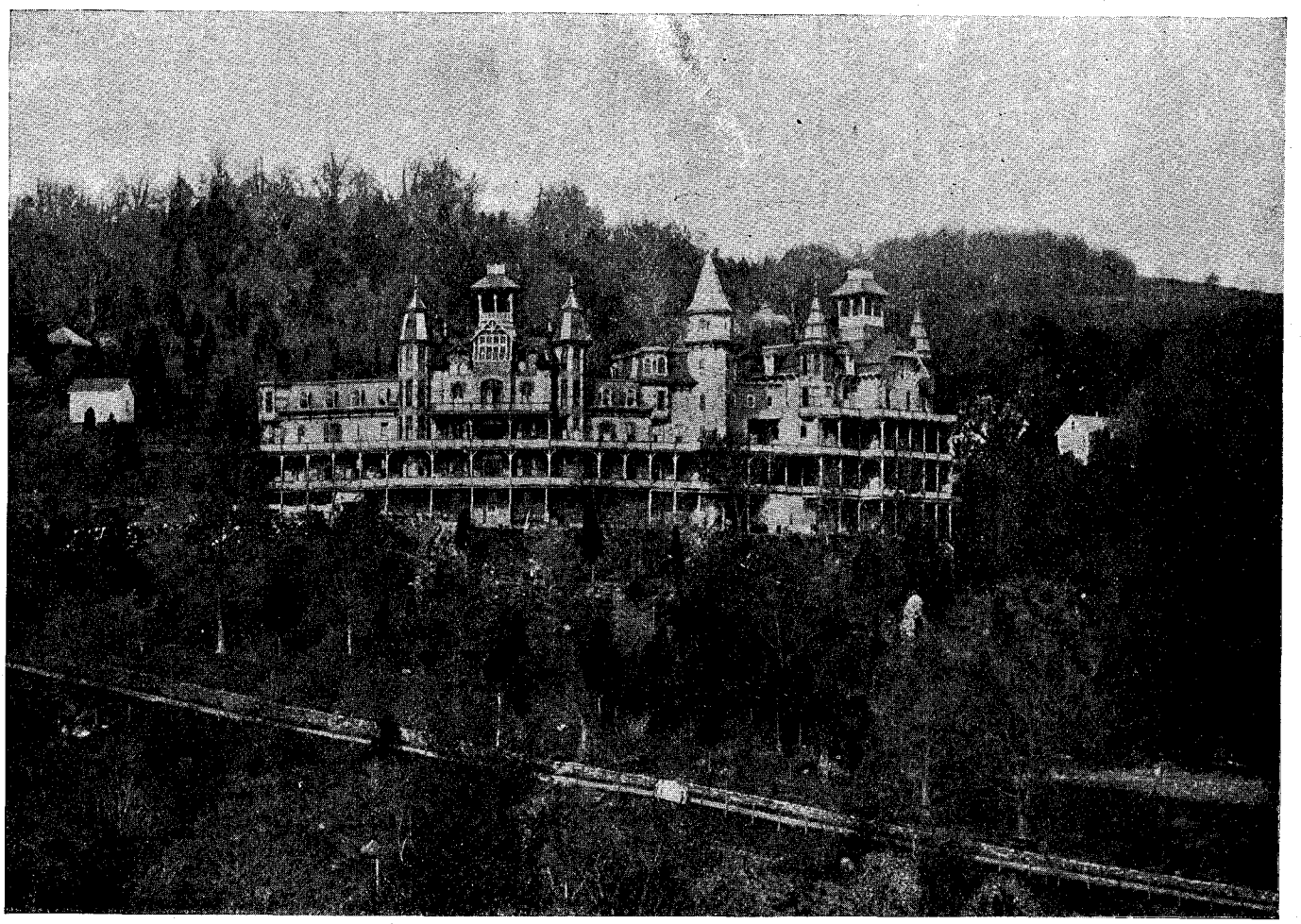

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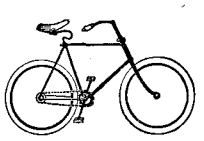

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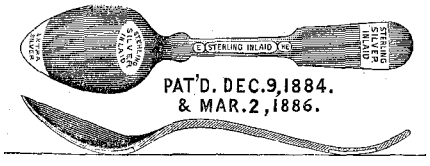

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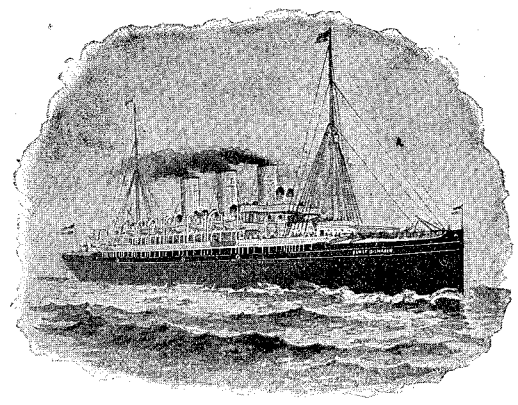
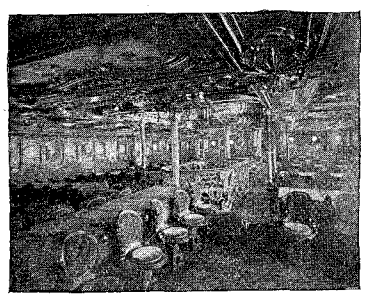


Twin-Screw Express Steamer

BY THE STEAMERS OF THE

HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET CO.

EVERY INDIVIDUAL who has work to do in this world, and *does* it, needs a vacation. You need recreation, dear reader of either sex, and you must take it, too, or woe betide your brain, or, what is just as bad, your digestion. A vacation on the other side of the Atlantic is better than a vacation at home, because "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" separates you *entirely* from the immediate scenes of your business. If you are a doctor, you are not worried by the objective and subjective symptoms of your patients, be they imaginary or real. If you are a lawyer, you are not forced to inhale the unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded court-room, or dive into the dusty folios at the law library. If you are a merchant, you are deprived of the pleasure of inspecting accounts, invoices, and lading bills. No matter who you may be, you are "away from home," and *that* does you good. You breathe a new atmosphere, hear a new language, or a new accent given to your own. You eat a different kind of cooking; you are obliged, perforce, to take a certain amount of a *different* kind of bodily exercise from that to which you have been accustomed; the mind needs rest *more* than the body, and requires the change as much as the more material parts of the "human form divine."



Main Saloon

It is the voice of an expert that utters these words of practical wisdom. You find them in Dr. Wm. Tod Helmuth's charming "Steamer Book." The doctor is right, and the American traveler is getting more and more inclined to heed his advice. Ocean travel for pleasure and recuperation has become so important that the great steamship companies consider it their duty to offer the travelers the best facilities possible.

THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET COMPANY owns a fleet particularly designed and built within the last few years for the purpose of maintaining a first-class weekly express service between America and Europe. Its express steamers are the largest and fastest ships of the German merchant marine. This is the only line operating a *weekly twin-screw express steamer service* from New York to Europe.

The fleet consists of the AUGUSTA-VICTORIA, COLUMBIA, FÜRST BISMARCK, and NORMANNIA.

These new vessels have their whole working machinery duplicated. There are two distinct sets of boilers, two engines, two shafts, and two screws, both sets working independently of each other, and separated by one solid longitudinal bulkhead running from the keel to the upper deck, and dividing the vessel into two non-communicating halves, of which each is fully equipped to propel the ship at a high rate of speed. This is the great principle of the twin-screw steamers, and the extraordinary degree of safety secured by this system is obvious, for an accident to one side of the ship can in no wise affect the other.

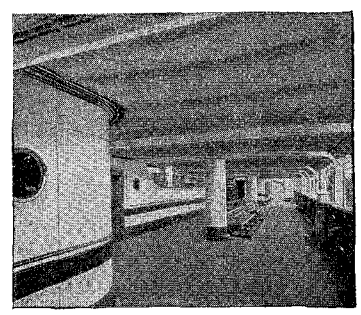
The enormous engines of 6,500 to 8,000 horse-power each, making a total of 13,000 to 16,000 horse-power, are of the triple-expansion type.

These steamers leave NEW YORK regularly *every Thursday* for SOUTHAMPTON (LONDON and PARIS) and *Hamburg*. The best time accomplished was 6 days 10 hours 55 minutes from New York to Southampton, being the fastest trip ever made on this route. This is equal to a trip of 5 days 19 hours from New York to Queenstown, Southampton being about 300 miles east from Queenstown. The time by rail from Southampton to London is less than two hours, while the time from Queenstown, via Liverpool, to London is at best over twenty-four hours. The landing arrangements at Southampton are considered superior to those of any other port in England, the trains starting from the docks and the HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET COMPANY'S special train awaiting the passengers there.

Passengers leaving New York on Thursday are landed in Southampton on the following Thursday, reaching London on the same day, thus bringing them from NEW YORK to LONDON in less than a week (it has been done in 6 days 15 hours, a feat not equaled by any other line). This shows the wonderful convenience which these steamers offer to the traveling public.

The fastest runs were about 20¾ knots per hour, which is equal to 23⅞ English miles, and exceeds the speed of transcontinental trains.

The comfort and elegance displayed on these steamers are unexcelled by anything yet offered on any Atlantic liner. It has been the aim of the Company to relieve passengers of all annoyances which were heretofore considered inseparable from a sea voyage, and provide for them the same accommodations that can be obtained in a first-class hotel. There is no overcrowding on



Promenade Deck

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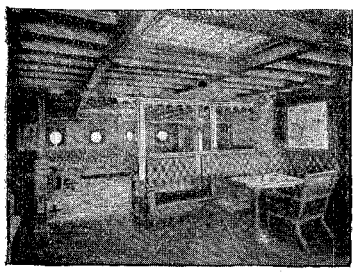


Smoking-Room

these steamers, the number of passengers being limited to the seating capacity of the saloons.

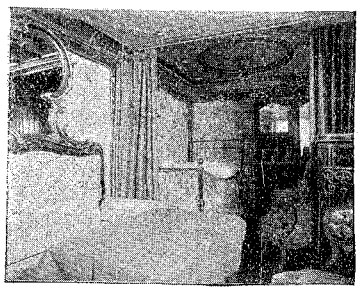
The staterooms on these steamers are all of large size, airy and comfortable. Some of them are furnished in the style of *chambres de luxe*, and others with private bath-rooms attached. All rooms, outside as well as inside, receive direct light either through side-lights or port-holes, or from the upper deck. In many rooms the lower berth can be extended so as to form a double berth, and the upper berth can be removed. Berths and sofas are large and comfortable, so that a whole family often finds sufficient accommodation in one room.

The *main saloon* is a magnificent apartment, covering nearly the whole width of the ship. The decoration of this room is truly magnificent—a masterpiece of modern German decorative art.

The ladies' saloon and the adjoining music-room are exquisitely furnished and upholstered, the decorations being in keeping with the general taste displayed. Each ship has its own band of trained musicians, giving a concert twice a day.

The large, comfortable, and airy smoking-room is amidships on the promenade deck. It is handsomely furnished, the walls being inlaid with porcelain panels of different designs. Humorous mottoes and emblems, carved in wood, surround the panels.

As regards the cuisine, the HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET COMPANY has always been well known for the excellent fare provided. The



Chambre de Luxe

best culinary artists have been engaged as cooks, and the *menu* on these steamers is equal to that served in the best hotels in Europe. Table delicacies and luxuries are carefully selected by the Company, and are of the finest quality.

An illustrated pamphlet giving a full description of the HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET COMPANY'S fleet, and the European Tourists' Memorandum Book, containing much reliable information for travelers, will be sent free to any address on application.

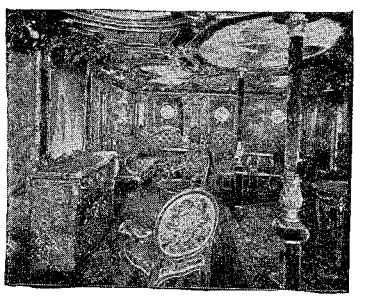
Special Excursion to the Land of the Midnight Sun.—The Hamburg-American Packet Company's winter excursions to the sunny lands of the Orient have proved so popular that the Company has arranged, by way of contrast, a summer excursion to the cool northern latitudes. This will consist of a cruise to Norway and the North Cape of Europe, which travelers may take direct or combine with an extended European trip. The tour to Norway and the North Cape offers a series of unrivaled attractions, including every variety of Alpine and coast scenery, and presenting the wildest and most beautiful effects. The wonderful *fjords* of Norway are world-famous for their beautiful and impressive scenery, and the tourist who takes advantage of this excursion will be able to see them from the deck of one of our palatial steamers, avoiding all the discomforts and dangers of an ordinary voyage into these northern waters. The magnificent new twin-screw express steamer, the *Augusta-Victoria*, will be detached from our regular Atlantic service for this excursion, and will be accompanied by a smaller tourist-steamer for use in exploring the innermost recesses of the great *fjords*.

The tour will include a trip by special train from Hamburg to Berlin before the northern cruise is begun. The various points of interest which will be seen will include:

Hardanger Fjord, which is justly celebrated for the beauty and grandeur, as well as for the variety, of its scenery. It is inclosed by rocky and precipitous mountains, 3,000 to 5,000 feet in height. To other attractions must be added two of the finest waterfalls in Norway. The population and their national characteristics will also interest many travelers.

At the upper end of this fjord the little town of *Odde* is situated, the center of a number of most interesting excursions—the finest excursion of which is to the Buarbrae Glacier, presenting the magic spectacle of translucent glacier-caves and fantastic cliffs and crevasses.

Leaving the Hardanger Fjord, the steamer touches *Bergen*, one of the oldest and most picturesque towns in Norway. Of monuments of the past Bergen possesses three churches dating from the 13th century, and the Rosenkrantz Tower, now used as an arsenal.



Ladies' Saloon

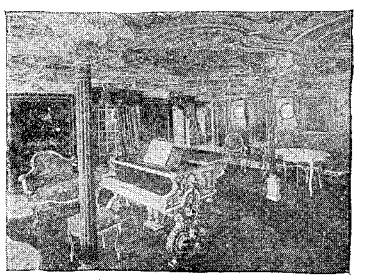
From Bergen the steamer proceeds to the *Sognefjord*, the longest and deepest of all Norwegian fjords. It ends in a number of narrow arms, with banks rising abruptly to the height of 5,000 feet, from which many waterfalls descend. Huge glaciers are also to be seen.

Trondhjem is now reached, the cradle of the Kingdom of Norway, where the Norwegian kings were elected and crowned. It is the northernmost of the larger European towns, has a mild climate and rich vegetation. The great pride of Trondhjem is its cathedral, in plan and execution the grandest church in Scandinavia.

The steamer now proceeds direct to the *North Cape*, where Europe terminates and the Arctic regions begin. The traveler lands on the east side of the Cape, where a path has been constructed over the green, mossy slope to the top. Here the hour of midnight is awaited, when the northern sun, creeping at the distance of five diameters along the horizon, and the immeasurable ocean in apparent contact with the skies, form the grand outlines in the sublime picture presented.

Then follow visits to Tromsoe, where is a Lapp encampment, with their curious huts, herds of reindeer, etc.; the Lofoten Islands, where the steamer enters the grand Lofoten Straits; Digermulen, which affords perhaps the most superb view in the whole *Nordland;* and to many other places of interest.

The excursion leaves New York June 28, 1894, and the trip may be made in forty-three days, but passengers have the privilege of returning by any of the express steamers of the Company during 1894. This excursion affords the ideal method of seeing foreign countries and observing strange manners and customs without giving up one's own habits and comforts.



Music-Room

For rates of fare and further information about the excursion, address the

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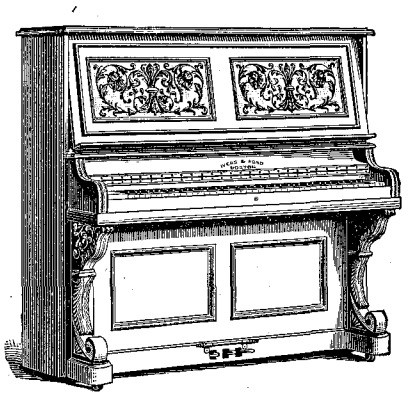

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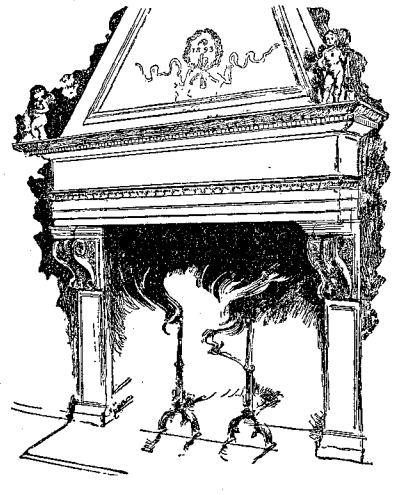

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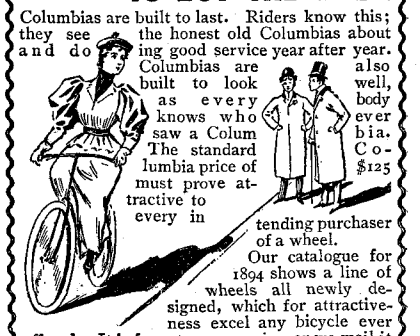

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49 For Week ending 24 March, 1894 Number 12

The Week

THE new English Liberal Ministry, although somewhat abruptly thrust to the front, started off with flying colors, the address to the Queen and the Premier's speech at the Liberal Conference on the day of the reassembling of Parliament having given substantial satisfaction to the Liberals of all shades. Everything seemed to promise a prosperous voyage. Lord Rosebery had declared the Liberal party "bound to the Irish question by every tie of honor and policy," and that Mr. Gladstone's policy would be continued without break or change. The sky suddenly darkened, however, when Lord Rosebery, speaking from his place in the House of Lords, declared himself in entire accord with Lord Salisbury in the latter's declaration that "before Irish Home Rule can be conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England, as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice." This declaration seemed to put the official head of the Liberal party on precisely the same ground as that occupied by the Conservative party in its rejection of the Home Rule Bill; for the constant and telling argument of the Conservatives was that England ought to be convinced of the justice of such a constitutional change, and that England was not convinced; on the contrary, that there was a heavy majority in England against the Liberal party on this issue. These words of Lord Rosebery, which, literally interpreted, meant an entire surrender of the position occupied by Mr. Gladstone, and an acceptance of that occupied by Lord Salisbury, threw the whole Liberal party into a ferment. The Radicals were in arms in an instant, and the Irish were first astounded and then furious; in both cases, it must be conceded, with good cause. Mr. Redmond, in the House of Commons, protested vehemently against Lord Rosebery's position. Mr. Morley endeavored to explain away the Prime Minister's words, but without any great success.

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Mr. Labouchere, always ready for a skirmish, took occasion to move an amendment to the Queen's speech demolishing at one blow the veto power of the House of Lords. The Ministry were not prepared for the motion, and, to the surprise and delight of the more thoughtless members of the House, it was adopted by a majority of two. A great many who voted for the motion were dismayed when they found that it had been adopted, for, from the standpoint of the traditions of the House of Commons, the amendment made the presentation of the address impossible. Sir William Harcourt, by his adroitness, retrieved a blunder made possible by the carelessness of the Liberal whip. He described the situation very frankly to the House of Commons, and moved to reject the amended address and to substitute a new one, and this method of getting out of an untenable position was adopted by a large majority. On Saturday Lord Rosebery spoke to an immense audience of Liberals at Edinburgh, and made use of the occasion, as was anticipated, to explain his attitude on the Home Rule question. He said that when he had spoken in the House of Lords he had declared with frankness and perspicuity his attitude toward Home Rule, but that his opponents had misinterpreted his words. The advocates of Home Rule know, he said, that if they were to wait for the predominant vote of England they might never carry anything. The Parish Councils Bill for England has been carried by the Liberal Government with the Irish vote, and it is not necessary, from the Liberal point of view, to carry a Home Rule Bill by an English majority, or to overcome the English vote, in order to convince the English people of the justice of Home Rule. The Premier's statement was so full and definite that it has been accepted both by the Radicals and by the Irish as final and authoritative. Everybody is asking how Lord Rosebery made such a blunder; for a blunder it certainly was, and it might easily have become a disaster. The Edinburgh declaration does not readily harmonize with that made in the House of Lords; it reads like a retraction or change under pressure. It is clear that the new Premier is already realizing the force of his own statement that it is extremely embarrassing for the Prime Minister to lead in one House while his majority is in another.

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The events of last week at Rio Janeiro involve a great personal triumph for President Peixoto. His policy throughout the war, it is now evident, has been one, not of dilatoriness, but of waiting for the right minute to arrive for striking the decisive blow. That minute came when—Admiral Mello being on the south coast with the two largest ships of the insurgent force—the little fleet of war-vessels which the Brazilian Government had acquired by purchase was properly manned and armed and brought to the mouth of the harbor, and when, simultaneously with this, it became known that the supplies and ammunition of the rebels were falling low. The mere announcement by Peixoto that a serious attack on the vessels and forts held by the rebels would be made at a fixed hour brought instant and utter collapse to his enemies. Admiral da Gama, with his staff, fled to the protection of a Portuguese man-of-war, and his followers incontinently abandoned ships and forts, and threw themselves on the mercy of the Government. Demand has been made upon Portugal for the surrender of Da Gama, and an interesting question of international law is thus raised. The latest reports state that the refugees have safely left Rio Janeiro. As to Mello, the original leader of the naval insurrection, his exact whereabouts is uncertain; though there are rumors that he, too, has abandoned his ships either at Santos or Desterro. Although hostilities at sea and about the city of Rio Janeiro are thus brought to a close, it is quite likely

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that the disaffected provinces in the south may still maintain forces in the field against Peixoto. What is still needed for the full pacification of the country is the calling together of Congress and the formal recognition by President, Peixoto of the rights of the new President-elect, Dr. Moraes, who is favorably regarded by moderate men of all parties.

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The history of the war in Brazil has really been that of two wars, carried on almost independently and for different causes. The disaffection in Rio Grande do Sul and other southern provinces is of long standing, and rests on interference by Peixoto in local matters, on his overriding the results of provincial elections, and on the forcing by him of unpopular provincial officers upon the people. If this war now ceases, it will be rather because of the results of the recent election than because of Da Gama's collapse. It is quite possible that it may continue to be carried on in an intermittent way, as it has been for two years. The other war was a revolt of the navy, founded partly on jealousy of the army (upon the officers of which it was believed that Peixoto bestowed an undue share of political favors), partly on Peixoto's action in vetoing a bill passed by the Congress making the Vice-President ineligible to the Presidency, and partly on the existence of a desire among some of the insurgents for a restoration of the Empire. It is a mistake to suppose that the last-named object was the chief cause of the rebellion. Among the insurgents were a considerable proportion of republicans, and not a few royalists were faithful to the Government. Personal ambition and jealousy played a very important part in the movement. The rebellion did not have the sentiment of the people at large with it, because it was not a revolution based on principle. On the other hand, Peixoto, like his predecessor, Fonseca, has often been dictatorial, and the present state of affairs is capable of vast improvement if Brazil is to be a self-governing republic. The most hopeful sign is the result of the recent election. If Peixoto will in due time quietly give way to Moraes, Brazil may at last be at peace.

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The Italian Premier made an important speech recently in the Chamber of Deputies on the condition of Sicily and the country at large, in which he said that the social problem which the Government found it necessary to solve was not that propounded by the agitators, which involved community of goods and destruction of the lawful rights of ownership. The right of spoliation, he said, was now being raised to the rank of a science, and Sicily has been chosen as the ground for working out these theories. It was, however, ground badly chosen because of the attachment of the Sicilians to property and to family life. The two provinces in which the disturbance had been greatest had the easiest social conditions, and were more generally divided than other provinces into smaller properties. The Socialist Clubs, Signor Crispi declared, were started three years ago under the guise of benevolent associations. By means of congresses and by constant excitation from revolutionaries living abroad, the revolutionary societies in Sicily had been advanced and the revolutionary movement fomented. Now these societies, or Fasci, have a membership of nearly three hundred thousand, and the chiefs of these societies openly declared that their method is not that of constitutional advance, but of revolutionary change. Between these Socialist bodies and certain clerical associations there were unmistakable evidences of a clear understanding, and an insurrection was agreed upon to take place about the middle of February. Peasants were promised a division of land, and the conspirators counted, among other things, on the breaking out of a European war. The prompt and vigorous action of the Government had defeated their plans and had practically repressed the disorder. In the Carrara region the revolution had burst out in its worst forms, and the Government had been compelled to take exceptional measures to repress disorder and maintain the law. The recent events demonstrated the necessity for modifications of social laws, and the Italian Government was extremely anxious to put an end to the injustices committed in the communal administrations, especially in the matter of taxation. What Italy needs, the Premier declared in closing, is consolidation, and this she will find by loyalty to the monarchy.

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Notwithstanding the extraordinary activity of the French Government in tracking down and arresting Anarchists and seizing documents and explosive materials, Paris was shocked by another bomb explosion on Thursday afternoon of last week; an explosion which, fortunately, destroyed no one but its author, but which from the circumstances was probably in intention much the most brutal and dastardly outrage that has yet been attempted in the French capital. During a Lenten service in the famous Church of the Madeleine, which stands at the head of the Rue Royale, an Anarchist named Pauwels went to the church with the intention, as it is now believed, of throwing a bomb into the midst of the worshipers gathered for the afternoon service. The bomb, however, exploded prematurely, while the man was entering the church. Pauwels was passing through one of the swinging doors, with his hands in his pockets, when the door, released by the person in advance of him, rebounded and struck him so violently as to cause him to take his hand suddenly from his pocket, and with it the bomb, which fell to the floor and exploded, scattering the people about him in every direction and mutilating the Anarchist almost beyond recognition. Pauwels was a Belgian, an admirer of Ravachol and Vaillant, and had been known to the police for some time as a preacher of the most radical and aggressive Anarchism. He was a worker in chemicals, and had been expelled from the country for violence and on account of suspicion of connection with dynamite plots. The police supposed that he was in Spain. The damage to the church was not very great, and no persons were seriously injured.

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The Bland Seigniorage Bill, which is now in the President's hands, is, briefly, a bill for the coinage of the remaining silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act. During the first year the Act was in operation, much of the bullion was coined, and a "seigniorage" profit of about $7,000,000 was turned into the Treasury. The source of this profit was, of course, the fact that the bullion in the silver dollar cost the Government but ninety-two cents at the highest price paid, and generally much less. After July 1, 1891, this coinage was no longer mandatory, and the Treasury Department practically suspended it. The uncoined bullion which accumulated in the Treasury would, if coined, have furnished a profit of $55,000,000. The Bland Bill directs that this sum be coined and added to the resources of the Treasury and the currency of the country. When this is done, every particle of silver purchased under the Sherman Act will have been added to the circulation, either in the form of silver dollars or notes representing them. Such is the chief provision of the Act. It also seems to provide, in a badly worded clause, that the bullion still remaining after the coining of the seigniorage

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be also turned into coin, and that the outstanding Sherman Act notes (payable in either gold or silver) be retired by the Government whenever they are paid in, and silver certificates be issued in their stead. This done, all of our six hundred odd millions of currency issued in payment for silver will be redeemable only in silver. The bulk of it, of course (that issued under the Bland-Allison Act of 1878), has never been redeemable in any other way.

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It is to be hoped that the discussion on the Tariff Bill and other financial measures will not overshadow, in the attention of Congress and of the public, the bill establishing a National Bureau of Public Health, which is now, or soon will be, before Congress. This bill has been drafted by experts in health matters, and represents advanced and modern scientific ideas on the subject. It originates with the New York Academy of Medicine, the membership of which includes a remarkably large number of names of the most distinguished men in the medical profession. The law provides for a Commissioner of Public Health, to be appointed by the President, and to be an expert sanitarian, who is to be assisted by an advisory council composed of physicians of good standing, one for each State in the Union, to be appointed by the Governors of the States. This bill supersedes one drafted last year and already before Congress, which will be withdrawn, objections having been brought, with considerable reason, against certain of its provisions, and particularly one giving the appointment of nine members out of a board of fifteen to the President. The law now under consideration does not abrogate the law as to National quarantine passed at the last session of Congress, but simply commits the exercise of the powers under that law to the new Commissioner. The Commissioner, therefore, would have oversight of quarantine in all ports, so far as National interests are concerned; would have the right to establish quarantine where none exists, if deemed necessary; and would also have the power to supersede State quarantine officials whenever the latter violate the provisions of the National law. This last provision of the present law has always seemed somewhat unsatisfactory, because vague as to the method by which the negligence of the local authorities is to be determined; its only fault, however, is in its lack of definiteness, its intention is excellent, and so far it has worked fairly well, though chiefly as a threat. In addition to these powers relating to quarantine, the Commission will be instructed to send out circulars of information whenever it is necessary in the interest of the public health, and, in fact, to do all things, within the limits of the law, which a regard for sanitary conditions and the proper education of the people in this direction require. A hearing on this bill is to be had next week. It is opposed by no one who has studied the question, and who knows what is being done by foreign countries in the interest of sanitary education and sanitary safety. It should become law at once.

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The alarming state of affairs in Denver last week has been too poorly reported in the Associated Press dispatches for us to speak with confidence concerning the facts until later papers from Denver have arrived. The question at issue is the right of the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city to induct into office two Police Commissioners whom the Governor has appointed to displace two of the present incumbents. The latter at first denied altogether the right of the Governor to remove them. This question was taken to the Supreme Court, which decided in favor of the Governor, declaring that he had the right to remove for cause. When the Governor and the Mayor, acting upon this decision of the Court, ordered the Commissioners to give place to the new appointees, they were still met with a refusal, the Commissioners declaring that the causes for their removal given by the Governor were insufficient. These Commissioners appealed to a District Judge, who issued a temporary injunction restraining the Governor and Mayor from using force to remove them. The right of the Court to issue this injunction was not only denied by the Governor but by many of his extreme political opponents—the Denver "Republican," for example, ridiculing the idea that a State court had the legal right "even temporarily to enjoin the Governor of the State from exercising any power vested in him by the Constitution." Nevertheless, the Governor and Mayor decided to obey the injunction until the question of its modification had been argued and decided. At the hearing on this question the attorneys for the Governor urged that the Court might afterwards pass upon the action of the Governor or the Legislature, but could not prejudge their action, since their powers were co-ordinate with the powers of the courts, and not subsidiary thereto. On behalf of the Commissioners it was maintained that the new Commissioners had a remedy at law if unlawfully prevented from taking their seats, and that the Court had a right to interfere to prevent violence. The Court refused to modify its injunction, and the Governor determined to ignore it. From this point on we have only the press dispatches to guide us as to what happened. The Governor ordered out the militia to remove the Commissioners, and the latter barricaded the City Hall, arming the police force with shotguns, revolvers, and dynamite. For a few hours (on Thursday) a local civil war was threatened, but the Governor later called upon the United States troops to preserve the peace. For two days there were propositions and counter-propositions for the settlement of the difficulty, which ended in the Governor's submitting the matter to the arbitration of the Supreme Court.

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The City Club of New York, in conference with the trades-unions, has drafted an admirable schedule of provisions for better city government to be submitted to the approaching Constitutional Convention. The first object aimed at is the complete separation of municipal from State elections. This end it seeks to accomplish by making the terms of all officers either two years or some multiple of two years, and having the State officers elected the even years at the time of the National elections, and the municipal officers elected the odd years. The second object aimed at is to secure self-government to cities. For this end it proposes a series of amendments. These provide that the Legislature shall enact general laws for the organization and government of cities, and that hereafter special laws relating to city government shall not take effect in any city until they shall have been approved by a majority of the citizens voting thereon. Any city with a population of twenty thousand or over, subject to the limitations imposed by the Legislature under general laws, may draft a local constitution of its own, which, after being ratified by the electors, shall supersede all other laws inconsistent therewith. Still more important in the way of making local self-government a reality is the provision that "all privileges, licenses, and franchises which may be operated in, along, or across any of the public streets or places in any city in this State shall be the property of such city." These franchises, it is provided, may be leased to private

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corporations for periods not exceeding thirty years, but such leases may be given only with the consent of a majority of the citizens voting on the proposition. When the franchise is leased, provision is made that when the lease expires the private company shall be entitled to the value of the property it may have purchased for the operation of the franchise, but not for the franchise itself, which must remain the possession of the public. Inasmuch as it is impossible for any corporation to buy up the whole body of voters to betray their own interests, this amendment would put an end not only to the most fruitful source of municipal extortion, but also to the most fruitful source of legislative corruption.

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The Massachusetts Gas Commissioners, according to an excellent review by Dr. Bemis in the "Journal of Political Economy," have taken an important step toward removing the impression that they are the defenders of the gas companies rather than the State. In their last report they give to the public the cost of making and distributing gas in at least the more important cities of the State. It appears that in Boston the cost of manufacturing gas is 36.4 cents per one thousand feet, and the cost of its distribution 24 cents, making a total of a fraction over 60 cents per thousand. In the smaller cities the cost is naturally larger. In Fall River it is 64 cents, and in Worcester 70 cents. These companies make what is known as "water-gas," the Boston company using less than ten cents' worth of coal for each thousand feet. The cost of making coal-gas is greater. At Lowell it costs 72.3 cents per thousand, and this is perhaps the lowest figure in the State. Dr. Bemis temperately criticises the Commission for not publishing the cost by items, but it is certainly of the greatest value to the public to know that in the East, as well as in the coal districts of Ohio and West Virginia, gas can be made and distributed at such figures as the above. It is now everywhere recognized that the gas business is necessarily a monopoly, and that the price of gas cannot be regulated by competition. So long as the business is nominally in private hands, the price will either be fixed by private monopoly, with a private monopoly's regard for the interests of the public, or by public officials, with public officials' regard for the interests of private monopolies. It appears that there is not a great deal of difference between these two methods. For the sake of preventing corruption as well as for the sake of preventing extortion, we again urge that the distributing systems be owned by the public.

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The bill framed by the Workingwoman's Society of New York, and now before the State Legislature, extends to employees in mercantile establishments the protection which, under the present factory laws, applies only to those engaged in factories. This bill limits the working hours of the day to ten hours, except where extra hours are employed to secure a half-holiday; forbids the employment of any child under fourteen years of age; requires certain simple standards of education and of physical fitness as a condition of employment; and makes stringent provisions respecting the sanitary conditions of the establishments in which persons are employed. The experience of England has proved beyond all question that the relation between employer and employee cannot be left to private contract; that, in fact, the employed are not free, but are compelled to accept whatever conditions are offered them. Experience in America confirms this principle. That it should be necessary to legislate against a lunch-room into which the water-closets of the establishment open, or for the ventilation and light of basements in which thousands of human beings are to spend from eight to ten hours every day, is a lamentable fact. Public sentiment should be aroused to urge upon the Legislature the passage of this measure, which the interest of humanity demands.

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GENERAL NEWS.—Latest reports from Bluefields in the Mosquito Reservation state that the Nicaraguan troops have left the town, although the Government is still in the hands of representatives of Nicaragua; that order is being preserved in the place by the British sailors recently landed from the Cleopatra; it is also asserted that the sailors were landed at the request of the United States Consul, as well as of the British Consul, and of property-holders generally, who feared injury from the lawlessness of the Nicaraguan soldiers; a United States war-ship has been ordered to Bluefields from Rio Janeiro.——A demonstration was made in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday by the trades-unionists in favor of the Employers' Liability Bill and in opposition to the House of Lords.——The divorce between ex-King Milan of Servia and Queen Natalie has been annulled.——Queen Victoria is now in Florence, Italy.——The ninetieth birthday of General Neal Dow, the veteran temperance agitator, was observed in this city last Sunday night by a great public meeting, at which addresses were made by Judge Noah Davis, Mrs. Mary T. Burt, the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, and others.——Kenneth F. Sutherland, the Justice of the Peace of Gravesend, L. I., who has been convicted on charges growing out of the recent election frauds in that town, has disappeared, and his bail has been declared forfeited.——By the will of the late R. S. Ely, Yale University receives between $50,000 and $100,000, and St. Luke's Hospital, of this city, $20,000.——Commodore William D. Whiting, of the United States Navy, retired, died in this city on March 19, at the age of seventy-one; he entered the service fifty years ago, and served with distinction in the Mexican and Civil Wars.——The New York State Board of Charities has adopted the report of its special committee to investigate the charges against Superintendent Brockway, of the Elmira Reformatory; the report sustains the charges as to cruel, brutal, and degrading punishment, and calls for the removal of Mr. Brockway and the present Board of Managers.——The Grand Jury of Ithaca have failed to find indictments against the Cornell students implicated in the recent use of poisonous gas to break up the freshman supper, whereby a colored woman lost her life; the charge of Judge Forbes to the Grand Jury is criticised by many as unduly favorable to the students.

The Easter Dawn

To the earliest, as to the latest, men of poetic mind the dawn is the most spiritual and wonderful of all the phenomena of the physical world; no imagination can be indifferent to that inflowing light, streaming up from the gulfs of night, and bringing in the new day as it falls on the sleeping continents. The dawn is always a miracle, and if it came only at long intervals the breaking of the day would be heralded, as in the old days of the Vedic hymns, with invocation and adoration. The modern poet of the dawn is Corot, whose beautiful "Orpheus" fitly finds its place on the cover of this Easter number of The Outlook. For the picture is both an adoration and a revelation. The strains of the harp, touched in the silent and holy hour when the heavens begin to whiten as with the flight of uncounted hosts of stainless souls, breathe

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forth the worship of the soul in the presence of the Infinite Spirit whose garment and vesture is the light. The noble figure, with upturned glance, stands for that humanity to whom the dawn is forever the revelation and the promise of the day; and the soft splendor unveiling the majesty of the heavens, and touching the overhanging trees and the far-stretching landscape, is the most beautiful and inspiring symbol of that perpetual dawn of truth and hope in which the joy and the worth of life are bound up.

The daybreak in the East finds its historical analogue in the dawn of the eternal life out of the night of death on the first Easter morning. There had been here and there in the earlier days glimpses and previsions of the great thought of immortality; faint gleams of light on the far horizon of the night. But when Christ arose, the day broke over the whole world, and upon men of every time and race and condition. That sublime awakening gave a new meaning to history, a new value to life, a new vision of the future. The Himalayas, as they rise on the northern stretches of India, carry skyward a mighty sweep of country, so that it seems to one who looks down from their heights as if all India were lifted in the mighty embrace of the hills. In like manner, when Christ burst the ancient fetters and rose out of death into eternal fullness of life, he lifted the whole human race into immortality. In that silent and unseen struggle in the tomb in the garden the whole race shared, and the victory was the victory of all mankind over the last and greatest of its foes.

The first Easter morning was the daybreak of immortality—the dawning of the light of hope and faith and joy, never again to fade out of the skies. For Christ triumphed not only over death, but over misery, sin, sorrow, and despair; and so the first Easter confirmed man's noblest dreams of his nature and his future. It proclaimed that eternal triumph of life which carries with it the immortality of all good and beautiful things; it predicted and promised the flight of the world westward under a sky steadily brightening to the perfect day. The light of that dawn rests to-day on all the graves, tenderly guarded or long forgotten, in Christendom, and writes *Resurgam* above the sleeping dust; it touches all cares, sorrows, limitations, and straightway faith whispers that they are but for the moment; it penetrates the vile places of the earth, and finds its way into all the homes of misery and want, and already, at this early hour of the great day, it illumines the faces of those who minister. Very slowly the night fades along the horizon, and very slowly the light mounts to the zenith; but the day breaks, and happy are they who discern its coming, live in light, do its work, and wait for the unspeakable glory of noontide. For if there be God, nothing is too good to believe about man or to hope for in his future. It is only when we turn towards the retreating night that our theology becomes skeptical and despairing, our faith wavering and uncertain, our burdens and sorrows intolerable. When we turn to the Easter dawn, our thought of God becomes infinitely trustful and loving, and our hope for man shines within and beyond, as the Christ-life in the darkness and hardness which shrouded and blinded the scribe and the Sadducee. Among several noble and significant visions Richter writes that he once dreamed that he was lost in the limitless universe, when "there came sailing onwards from the depth, through the galaxies of stars, a dark globe along the sea of light; and a human form as a child stood upon it, which neither changed nor yet grew greater as it drew near. At last I recognized our earth before me, and on it the child Jesus, and He looked upon me with a light so bright and gentle and loving that I awoke for love and joy." That awakening out of love and faith into love and joy is the perpetual promise of the Easter dawn.

The Russo-German Treaty

The German Reichstag ratified at the end of last week the new reciprocity treaty between Germany and Russia. This act was the culmination of negotiations which began seventy-five years ago, when Prussia was a small power, and had been carried on from failure to failure by the Kingdom, the North German Federation, and the Empire. It marks the beginning of a new era in the economic history of two great empires. It is likely to prove the first move in another combination of the European Powers.

For generations Russia seemed hypnotized by the conviction that she must feed, clothe, and shelter her people independently of western and central Europe. When Bismarck became Chancellor, he found little difficulty in winning her confidence in politics, but in commerce this conviction was a stone wall which he was able neither to pierce nor surmount. Germany was then virtually a free-trader. She had no tariff which she could raise to compel concessions, or lower to induce them. Bismarck realized this keenly, and acknowledged publicly in 1878 that one of his strongest motives in turning protectionist had been to obtain means of forcing Russia to a policy of reciprocity. The result was a heavy grain tariff. Russia felt the blow. Her position as the granary of central Europe was threatened. At the same time she was embittered by the suspicion that Bismarck had treated her perfidiously at the Berlin Congress. In this commercial and political estrangement is to be found the source of the great war scares which have disturbed Europe perennially for the last sixteen years. Russia increased her tariff on articles which German manufacturers had been sending over her borders, and Germany laid even heavier taxes on Russian exports of grain. Bismarck tried to still the rising tide of mutual hatred by declaring that commercial enemies might easily be the best of political friends, but the wound was beyond the healing power of phrases. Russian troops were massed on the German frontier until 480,000 men stood under arms in West Russia, and in East Prussia new regiments were gathered, the fortresses were strengthened, and the strategic railways were developed with incessant activity. The traditional friendship of Russia and Germany was at an end. "Russia has shown a good and faithful friend the door," were the words in which Bismarck announced the fact to the Reichstag. "We run after nobody," he added. "We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world."

The situation was unchanged when Emperor William II. and Count von Caprivi made the Customs Union treaties in 1891. By these treaties and the "most favored nation" treaties the German grain tariff was reduced thirty per cent. for the benefit of such grain-growing countries as Austria-Hungary, the United States, and the Argentine Republic. Of the nations which had supplied Germany with her wheat and rye, Russia alone was obliged to pay the high tariff which Bismarck had fixed. Germany was, in fact, discriminating against Russia. Russian exports of grain to Germany fell from 32,630,000 hundredweight in 1891 to 11,850,000 in 1892. A declaration of commercial war was the consequence. Russia raised her tariff on German manufactures fifty per cent. last summer, and Germany replied with a similar measure. Trade between the countries was virtually prohibited. German factories were closed by the dozen, the merchant shipping of the Baltic

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lay idle at Luebeck and Hamburg, and Russian grain was piled up at the Russian ports. The bitterness on both sides was excessive. What it threatened was best evidenced by the enthusiasm with which Frenchmen and Russians rushed into each other's arms in Toulon and Paris. The end was, however, that Russia felt herself unable longer to maintain the policy of commercial isolation which had been her ideal for almost a century. She consented to negotiate for peace. The Russo-German tariff commission was formed in October, and in February the world learned that the great, semi-barbarous Empire of the East had yielded to the commercial spirit of the times. The Russians had agreed to reduce their tariff on German manufactures under one hundred and fifty heads by percentages varying between ten and forty or fifty per cent., in exchange for a reduction of about thirty per cent. made by the Germans to the Russian grain-growers. The duration of the treaty is from March 20, 1894, to December 31, 1903.

That the treaty will have important political effects can be doubted by nobody acquainted with the historical facts outlined above. The mutual friendliness manifested in the last four weeks by the semi-official newspapers of Russia and Germany shows that each country expects an improvement in their political relations. By pure accident it has transpired, during the Reichstag's debate on the treaty, that Russia and France have not closed a formal alliance. France's recent action in raising her grain tariff forty per cent. has caused much bad feeling in Russia, and has elicited from the St. Petersburg Government a note which threatens reprisals. Italy is staggering under the military and naval burdens of the Triple Alliance, and has shown no aversion to the recent friendly advances of the Republic. These are the grounds on which far-reaching surmises as to a new combination of the European Powers have been based. Such surmises point to the renewal of the Three-Emperor Alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. The idea is as old as the Vienna Congress.

Inoculating for Error

A friend of mine is very much disturbed over a "Christian Science" craze that has broken out in his parish. So I agreed to write to you for a suggestion concerning literature on this subject with which he might both arm and fortify himself. H. E.

We publish this letter and our reply because the question interests many others besides the one inquirer, and the answer to one may serve others.

Certain intellectual epidemics sweep from time to time over the community, especially the American community. They are sometimes theological, sometimes social, but always religious or semi-religious—that is, they always have in them a vein of spiritual idealism. They are intellectual, not moral, epidemics; rarely inflict a direct moral injury on those who are subject to them; often find the best and purest spirits most susceptible, as some fevers are said to attack most severely the strongest constitutions. The Socialism which created Brook Farm; the more modern Socialism as presented in "Looking Backward," which has fascinated many men and more women; Millenarianism, with its visionary hopes of an immediate ushering in of the kingdom of righteousness and peace by a great cataclysm; Theosophy, with its practical denial of moral evil and its practical acceptance of the aphorism that evil is only good in the making—may all serve as illustrations of such epidemics. In the same category belong Christian Science and Faith-Cure, which are different sects in the same school, much as Romanism and Protestantism are different sects in the same religion.

In all such cases an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The prophet foreseeth the evil and prepares for it. The method of preparation is inoculation. Direct attack only puts the believers in the new movement on the defensive and leads them to fortify themselves. The force of every such sect lies in some truth which its disciples perceive, or in some popular and widespread error against which they are rising in righteous revolt. The wise religious teacher discerns that truth and becomes himself its expounder, but expounds it freed from the errors with which it is entangled. Thus, Socialism is a noble revolt against the selfishness of industrial and political individualism; the way to criticise Brook Farm or "Looking Backward" is by showing a better way to the brotherhood of man. Millenarianism is a reaction against the theology which is only a memory, never a hope; the wise Christian minister turns the faces of his people to the future, and, by inspiring them with a rational hope, guards them against hopes that are illusive. Faith-cure is partly a corollary from, partly a reaction against, a traditional and legal theology—a theology which treats God as afar off in the heavens, and known to his children only by historic evidence that he appeared eighteen centuries ago in one peculiar province and in one peculiar epoch; he who has been accustomed to believe in a living God, and in faith as an incentive to the keenest thought and the intensest action, will not think that he exemplifies faith by doing nothing to cure his diseases—whether spiritual or physical—and lazily leaving all to God.

The same principle is to be applied in dealing with Christian Science.

Christian Science is founded either on the philosophy that matter has no real existence, that only ideas really exist and that all matter is resolvable into ideas, or else on the philosophy that matter is only an emanation of the spirit, and is, in its form and nature, determined by the spirit. Generally, the Christian Scientist, who talks in philosophical phraseologies without having any real philosophical education, cannot tell which of these philosophies he holds, and passes in his expositions of the system, with naïve unconsciousness, from one philosophy to the other. But, incongruous and baseless as this system is as a philosophy, it is a natural and even a righteous reaction against the materialism which, through the sensational philosophy of the eighteenth century, has found its way into the common thought of the nineteenth. It is a protest against the materialistic doctrine that man is a machine, and against the semi-materialistic doctrine that his thought-life is controlled and determined by the machine which it employs. And of the two systems—the materialistic and the idealistic—neither of which is absolutely true, the latter comes nearer the truth than the former.

The minister who sees in the community this Christian Science, that is, this attempted application to practical life of a crude idealism, can best meet it by inoculating his people. Let him see what truth there is in Christian Science, and preach that truth. Let him not tell men that they have immortal souls to be saved, but that they are immortal souls. Let him never confound, or suffer his people to imagine that he confounds, the man with his body, or the immortality of man with the resurrection of the body, or the recognition of friends in heaven with the visual recognition of a body, or the rewards of virtue with bodily pleasures, or the punishment of sin with bodily sufferings. Let him teach his people the power of the life over the vestment, of the will over the nerve and

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tissue. Let him never treat the drunkard as a "poor victim," or concede that it is impossible for any man to master the appetite by taking the necessary means. Let him teach the children to be masters and lords over themselves; carry a cheerful heart into the sick-room, and minister to the weakened body by strengthening the discouraged spirit; recognize the truth that we may aggravate our diseases by dwelling on them, and mitigate them by banishing them from our reflections; and teach the strong to inspire the weak by their mere personal presence and spiritual fellowship. In a word, let him recognize frankly and maintain stoutly all that is good and true and beautiful in Christian Science, dissociated from its unthinkable philosophy and its practical extravagancies.

But will he not, then, be liable to be called a Christian Scientist? Very likely. So, if he preaches the illimitable and infinite mercy of God, he will be called a Universalist; if he proclaims the dignity and divine sonship of man, he will be called a Unitarian; if he turns men's faces toward the future hope of the Gospel, he will be called a Millenarian; and if he teaches the brotherhood of man as the basis of all society, industrial, social, and political, he will be called a Socialist. But he will be rewarded by having Universalists, Unitarians, Millenarians, Socialists, and Christian Scientists coming to hear him; not because they think he belongs to their sects, but because they discover that he sees the truth which they have seen and have tried to express. He may impair his reputation for orthodoxy, but that does not much matter provided he wins added efficiency in service. He may even find it necessary to disavow occasionally the attempt of others to classify him, though usually a single sentence, such as, "I am not a Christian Scientist," will suffice for that purpose. And, finally, he need not be discouraged if, in spite of his best efforts, some of his flock, misled by their own idealism, abandon the church of their fathers for a new sanctuary, but may comfort himself with the reflection that no man who loves and pursues righteousness loses his place in God's affections merely because he ceases to be sober-minded.

An Easter Meditation

Christ is risen. His followers do not worship a memory, but a living Christ. This is not a metaphor; we do not mean that Christ lives in our hearts. We mean that he lives by our side as truly as he ever did in Galilee or the Temple courts. If we had eyes, we should see him with us. The fragrance remains after the lilies are taken from the room; it is not thus that the subtle aroma of a vanished Christ abides. The Easter lily is in the room, though invisible. The Hebrews believed in a living God; Christians believe in a living Christ. And by that we mean a Christ whose life interpenetrates our life. The organism is not the life; the life is not dependent on the organism. He speaks to us, looks upon us, moves us, inspires and directs us. He walks with us as he walked with the disciples to Emmaus. We repeat, this is not metaphor; it is plain, simple, prosaic fact. He is "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet."

Some Christians follow Christ only as far as Jerusalem; they believe in the Teacher and the Exemplar. Others follow him to the cross and the tomb. They believe in his Passion; they emphasize his death, his sacrifice, his blood. Easter carries us beyond the cross. He is risen; he lives; and because he lives we live also. We are not orphans: we do not look back to a Christ who is dead; nor forward to a Christ who is to appear: we live with a present Christ. "Lo, I am with you alway," is not a promise to the ear, broken to the heart.

"For warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

Editorial Notes

—The Pittsburg Board of Education has voted that the Sisters of Charity teaching in the public schools must not wear their uniforms during school hours. To the credit of the Board, the majority was 29 to 3.

—The judge presiding at the Breckinridge-Pollard trial ordered from the court-room those having no business there, on the ground that the disgusting evidence should not be made a public show. But the newspaper reporters were allowed to remain.

—It is an odd accident that brings close to each other in a daily paper these two items: "At a recent court ball at Rome, Queen Margherita wore sixteen strings of pearls, the lowest hanging half-way to the waist." "The wages of 800 women employed in the Italian spinning-mills average fifteen cents for a day of twelve hours." Is it strange that Socialism is gaining ground in Italy?

—Not long since a quack doctor in New York City secured from a poor and ignorant family $5 a week for six months for treatment of a boy for club-feet. The treatment consisted of powders given, to be taken regularly! To increase facility for such fraud would be the result of the pending bill in the New York Legislature allowing any one to practice medicine. We would sooner forbid any one to practice plumbing who was not licensed.

—Lord Rosebery has honored knighthood by conferring that distinction upon Professor J. R. Seeley, of Cambridge, the author of "Ecce Homo," "The Expansion of England," and other well-known books, and one of the keenest, clearest, and most independent writers in England. A very creditable feature of Lord Rosebery's action is the fact that Professor Seeley is a strong Unionist. The knighthood goes to brains in this case and not to beer or banking.

—We have received from several sources sums for the Anti-Lottery Campaign, amounting in total now to $190. No provision has been made heretofore for the payment of the incidental expenses involved in this campaign, which have been borne by the men who have, we might almost say the one man who has been giving his time and strength to the conduct of the campaign. The Outlook will be glad to receive contributions from others, and to see that they are wisely expended.

—The action of Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn, in refusing to fly the Irish flag from the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day is a very much better precedent, and one much more likely to be followed, than the ridiculous action of Congress in adjourning over that day. Men of every race stand on an equal footing on this continent, but the flying of foreign flags on public buildings is a piece of cheap demagoguery which the country is very rapidly outgrowing. The American voter who happened to be born an Irishman stands on a level with every other American voter, but it is high time that the "Irish voter" should be ignored. The country is very rapidly coming to be of this opinion, and the phrases "Irish voter," "German voter," etc., will soon be obsolete.

—The London "Chronicle" reports in a most entertaining way the manner in which Dr. Arthur Newsholme has demolished the statistics published by a committee of the British Medical Association to the effect that habitually intemperate men die at a greater age than total abstainers. Dr. Newsholme says that these statistics were based upon data so few and misleading as to recall the question once gravely propounded to an English Secretary of War, whether he intended to retain a British garrison at a post in Africa where the mortality had been 800 per 1,000! In this historic case the percentage of mortality was entirely accurate, but the garrison in question had consisted of five, one of whom had been accidentally shot, another killed by sunstroke, a third eaten by a crocodile, while the fourth had died as the result of lying out all night in a drunken fit. The post was really as healthful as any on the coast. In the same way, says Dr. Newsholme, the average age of men who at their death have been reported as "habitually intemperate" is very high, but few practitioners are brutally frank enough to report patients with parents or wives as belonging to that class. A fairer basis of comparison, he says, for which comprehensive statistics are at hand, is the comparative death-rate among the class that drinks least—ministers—and among the class that drinks most—liquor-dealers and bartenders. Here the figures show that between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five, eighteen liquor-dealers die to one clergyman.

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Corot's "Orpheus"[1]

By Sara King Wiley

The forest is enwrapped in mysteries,
  The trees are shadowy in the lingering night,
Dim and immeasurable the twilight skies,
  Across the hills the silver morning light.
The temple walls are pallid, far away,
  Where in the east the spreading luster gleams.
The poet waits the dawning of the day,
  And knows not if he lives or if he dreams.

A clearer vision comes, a glorious birth
  And deepening waves of sense upon him roll
Till all the beauty of the quiet earth,
  As sweet as distant music, fills his soul.
The chains that hold his speech are strained and riven,
  And whirling words arise that beat and ring;
With burning heart he lifts his lyre to heaven
  And praises God that he was born to sing!

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ

By Lyman Abbott

Rev. Lyman Abbott:

Dear Sir—Quoting from The Outlook, January 6, page 33, from the article entitled "The First Sin," you say: "I regard the story of the Fall as . . . legendary, the value of the story to consist not in a historic revelation. . . . I see no sufficient reason for regarding it otherwise than as imaginative." This meets my hearty approval, for, while it preserves all the real worth of the story, it puts aside all of those fatal hindrances which prevent so many good men from being helped by it. I cannot think of any way to adequately thank you for your courage and honesty in giving utterance to such sentiments, which so many good people need to save them from the pitfalls of skepticism. I confess, however, that I am unable to imagine why the same reasoning which you apply to Genesis cannot be made to apply also to the legends concerning the birth and resurrection of Jesus. I do not even suspect what data or logic you would make use of by which you arrive at the conclusion that the resurrection of Jesus is veritable history, while the story of the Garden of Eden is a compilation of legends.

C. S. C.

No doubt many entertain a similar opinion. They fancy that the motto, "False in part, false in all," applies: if there are some legends in the Bible, why shall we not suppose that the whole Bible is legendary?

I cannot adequately answer this question in a page of The Outlook; I can only suggest the answer.

The most conservative scholars suppose that Moses wrote the Book of Genesis. Four centuries intervened between the coming of Jacob into Egypt and the exodus. If the Gospel narratives were equally remote from the Gospel events, the first written record of the resurrection would have been penned three-quarters of a century after the Council of Nice. Moderate modern scholarship fixes the date of the writing of the oldest of the narratives of which Genesis is composed at about 800 B.C. This would be, according to popular chronology (Usher's), sixteen hundred years subsequent to the Deluge. If the Gospel narratives were equally remote from the Gospel events, the first written record of the resurrection would have been penned about the time of Queen Elizabeth. If the Four Gospels had not been written until the time of Queen Elizabeth, recording a resurrection supposed to have taken place sixteen centuries previous; or not until three-quarters of a century after the Council of Nice, recording events supposed to have occurred four centuries previous, we should not attach the same credence to these narratives which we now attach.

What are the facts?

There lies before me an English translation of Tatian's "Diatessaron." It is a life of Christ composed of the Four Gospels woven together into one narrative. Tatian was born about A.D. 120, and edited the "Diatessaron" about A.D. 150. But he edited it out of four narratives which he found already existing. It is thus certain that these narratives existed, in substantially their present form, as early as A.D. 100—that is, in less than seventy-five years after the resurrection. If we had a narrative of the Deluge written within less than seventy-five years after the Deluge occurred, we should not regard such a narrative as a legend. It takes a longer time for a legend to grow. The story might be a fiction, but it would then be a deliberate fiction.

About A.D. 60 a body of men and women were living in Corinth who called themselves, from the name of their chosen leader, Christians. One Paul, a missionary, who had devoted his life to making converts to this leader, wrote a letter to these Christians at Corinth. I have not room here to state how the date and authorship of this letter are fixed; it must suffice to say that practically all scholars agree in fixing the date at about A.D. 60, or a little earlier, and the author as Paul. Doubts as to the immortality of the soul had grown up among some of these Christians, and Paul endeavored to remove their doubts. His chief argument was that Christ had risen from the dead; he assumed this as a fact which they all knew, and drew from it the conclusion that Christ's followers would also rise from the dead. This letter establishes the fact that already by A.D. 60—that is, within less than thirty years after the death of Christ—belief in his resurrection had become firmly established among even the skeptically inclined of his followers. If we had a record of the Deluge written within thirty years after the Deluge, and so written as to establish the fact that there was a substantially universal belief in the Deluge among all the descendants of Noah, and that this belief was the foundation of a school or sect who called themselves Noah's followers, we should think the notion that the story of the Deluge was a tradition, which had grown up gradually and unconsciously, an entirely incredible notion. If we found an author writing within thirty years after the Declaration of Independence, and appealing to the American Nation to be true to that Declaration as the foundation of their liberties, we could not suppose that the notion of a Declaration of Independence was a legend which had grown up unconsciously,

[1] A reproduction of this beautiful painting will be found on the title-page. We are indebted for it to the courtesy of Messrs. Cottier & Co., of this city.

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either without any basis of fact or upon a slight and uncertain basis.

There are three witnesses to the resurrection of Jesus Christ which the unprejudiced student must take account of: the character of Christ, the existence of the Christian Church, and the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week.

I. It has been finely said by Professor Fisher that we believe, not merely in a resurrection, but in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. His character as portrayed in the Gospels is unique. That it is historical; that its supreme excellence is not due to the imagination of the narrators; that they did not idealize him, but, on the contrary, derived all their ideals from him, is apparent to all unprejudiced students.[1] The Christian faith in the resurrection begins in faith in Christ himself. Believing that this man came from God, we easily believe that he not only went to God again, but gave to his disciples a visible attestation of that fact. Believing that every death is also a resurrection, we find no difficulty in believing that this resurrection was so manifested that even dullards could be assured of it. We do not suppose, at least I do not, that Jesus Christ was the only one who ever rose from the dead. On the contrary, I suppose that all his followers experience a like resurrection, which is synchronous with death. What was unique in the resurrection of Jesus Christ was the fact that either his spirit returned to animate his body, or his spiritual body was made apparent to the opened eyes of his followers, that they might see what we should see at every death-bed if we had equally open vision. In brief, the resurrection of Jesus Christ was not a unique phenomenon; it was only a unique manifestation of a universal phenomenon. And there is that in the character and mission of Jesus Christ which makes such a unique manifestation, however unexpected to the disciples, not unreasonable or incongruous to us.

II. The death of Jesus Christ left his disciples utterly disheartened. They abandoned their faith in him as the expected Messiah. They began to scatter, and some of them resumed their abandoned fishing occupation. They were common peasant folk, had derived all their courage and inspiration from their leader, and with his death that courage and that inspiration died. And yet in a quarter of a century after his death his Church was winning converts to his Messiahship, not only throughout Palestine, but throughout the Roman Empire. The Christians of Rome had become, according to Livy, "a very great multitude." And in three centuries after the resurrection Christianity had become the dominant religion of the Roman world. This victory of Christianity was not due to the beauty of its ethical precepts, which do not differ materially from those expressed by the best pagan moralists; nor to the death or even the character of Christ, whose character was but little comprehended even by his own half-converted followers, and whose death was a stumbling-block to both Jew and pagan. It was due to faith in his resurrection. That this was the basis of the Christian Church is evident from the narratives in the Four Gospels, the history in the Book of Acts, the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and the early post-Apostolic history. This faith made its way in spite of prejudice both Jewish and pagan, and in spite of a despairing incredulity among Christ's immediate disciples. This faith must have been founded either on some delusion, impossible to account for, on some deliberate fraud on the part of his disciples, or on an actual occurrence. The hypothesis of fraud has been long since abandoned. The hypothesis of a delusion created out of the hopes and imaginations of the disciples (Renan's theory) is refuted by all that history tells us of their despondent attitude, confirming what we might well expect. The hypothesis of legend or myth (Strauss's theory) is refuted by the conclusive evidence that faith in the resurrection had already become victorious in thirty years after the death of Christ; for thirty years do not afford time for the growth of a legend. The only rational explanation of the power of the primitive Christian Church is the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

III. These considerations are reinforced by the change of the Jewish rest-day from the seventh to the first day of the week. Let any one imagine the difficulty which would be encountered in changing the Fourth of July to the Fifth of July. But this Sabbath change was made quietly, almost unconsciously, without any claim of divinely revealed authority, without any edict of either civil or ecclesiastical authorities—simply because the Christians could neither be joyful on the day of Christ's entombment nor silent on the day of his resurrection.

To sum all up: The primitive Church was not a mere ethical society. Its message was not, Be virtuous and you will be happy. Its message was, A Deliverer has come into the world; if we follow his leadership we can redeem the world. The evidence that He was such a Deliverer was his resurrection. The demonstration of that resurrection was so effectual that within thirty years after it occurred the Church was rapidly winning its way to its future dominance, in spite of persecution, in spite of skepticism, and in spite of prejudice both Jewish and pagan; and was already establishing a witness to its victorious faith, in the Lord's Day, usurping the place in the world's religious festivities both of the Jewish Sabbath and the pagan Sunday. To disbelieve in the reality of the resurrection is to believe that the greatest moral and religious reformation the world has ever seen was founded upon a fiction, if not a fraud. And this is to undermine the very foundations of belief, and to deny the trustworthiness of all history by denying both the trustworthiness of human testimony and the practical vitality and efficacy of the moral law in human affairs.

[1] Who among his disciples or among their proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived, as they always professed it was derived, from the higher source.—*John Stuart Mill.*

The Rights of Reformers

By the Rev. J. H. Ecob, D.D.

I have for many years belonged to the minority in various "righteous but unpopular reforms." During this time I have become quite hardened to the slings and arrows of outrageous majorities. But there comes a time when even a worm will turn. That time has come for this particular worm. I hereby serve a notice on all conservatism that one reformer will not hear with the "least degree of allowance" the common cry of "negative work," and the stock demand for "something to put in the place of it." No sooner does one lift his hand against a great evil than the whole host of conservatives begin to cry to heaven, "You radicals do nothing but destructive, negative work. Give men the good, and the bad will drop away of itself." When they are tired with this cry, they rest themselves by a change of work, and begin to howl for "something to put in the place of what you destroy."

Now, I, for one, am absolutely indifferent as to the name you give my work. And I refuse point-blank to go into your pet business of substitution. Even reformers have rights which white people are bound to respect. While I am engaged in hewing down this upas-tree, you Respectables may stand round in a ring and with the voice of one man declare my work negative, and that I am bound to set out a grove of sugar-maples or a peach-orchard in place of the tree which I destroy. I answer, "This one thing I do," and hew away. "Gentlemen, stand from under; this tree is coming down. If you want maple or peach trees in place of it, you get a good ready, and as soon as it is down fly at your positive and substitutional work. One thing is certain: you can't do anything till I get this tree down."

We have had some queer history in this line. In the old slavery contest the Abolitionists were abjured by all the gods at once to desert from their destructive work—first, because it was purely negative; second, because they provided nothing in the place of the institution which they proposed to destroy. All conservatism cried, Do you not

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know that the industrial system of the South will be overturned, and that the freed slaves will flock *en masse* to the North and intermarry among our whites, and "confusion worse confounded" be to pay? So the poor Abolitionists were expected, not only to destroy that deadly institution, but to furnish a perfect industrial system for the South and provide white wives for all the colored individuals who might have a taste that way. But the Abolitionists, glory to their heads as well as their hearts, kept hewing away, saying, "Stand from under, gentlemen; this tree is coming down; if you want to step in after it is down and cut up the wood and clear away the brush, that is your privilege." How wisdom is justified of her children!

We see and hear the same thing in the present agitation on the subject of dress reform. Certain godly, rational women are striving to free themselves and their sisters from the follies and iniquities of the prevailing styles of dress. The reformers are assailed with the old cry of "negative work" and a demand for substitution. Give us the beautiful, something as beautiful as the prevailing fashion, assuming that the prevailing fashion is altogether beautiful, and that the reformer is bound, not only to secure health, freedom, ease, but all the assumed elegance of the latest thing from Paris. Now, if any one wishes to see what Madame Convention has called beautiful, let him turn to the fashions of the past thirty years. Behold this creature in crinoline that would block solidly a church aisle (I have seen it), and in a towering head-thing whose advanced "poke" "knocked out a star in heaven at every step," with a waist the girth of a man's fist, standing there, a sight for gods and men, and crying defiantly to all the reformers: "Don't bring your horrid, ugly, healthy dresses to me! I must have, I will have, something beautiful—just as beautiful as—as—what I have on now." And she rolls her eyes complacently over the vast expanse of dry-goods that wriggles and sways about her like a captive balloon. This same imperious lady to-day, with a quarter of a yard of her dress trailing in the filth of the street, her shoulders piled with cape on cape, her head surmounted with a vast mass of pointed, waving, fluttering things, so that her neck is annihilated and her face buried in more than Rembrandt shadow, is still defying the reformers and crying as stoutly as ever for the beautiful—"just as beautiful as the prevailing mode."

The poor temperance reformers are hounded by the same cry. If you destroy the saloon, what will you put in the place of it? Nothing, gentlemen conservatives—absolutely nothing. If I kill a rattlesnake, I am in no fever to make his place good in the general economy of nature. The saloon is just as deadly a foe in the moral world. Believe me, my brother temperance reformers, our sole business is to kill that snake. This maudlin plea that workingmen must have some refuge from their miserable homes breaks down the moment you think of the women and children in those same miserable homes. If we address ourselves to any phase of this problem, it will not be to furnish places to draw off the men by themselves, but to make the homes places where the entire family can live in normal decency and comfort. The saloon is always and everywhere the deadly foe of the home. It would be poor business for reformers to replace it by some device which perpetuates one of its worst features—the tolling away of the men of the family to a life of separate masculine amusement and indulgence.

When our dear Saint Whittier advised us to "early identify ourselves with some righteous, unpopular cause," he had no idea of commending to us the general oversight and running of all creation. It is more likely that he had in mind the words of the great Apostle, "This one thing I do."

"All Hail!"

By Charles R. Burke

As when, across the dreary waste,
The winged messenger of peace
Sped on her way, in joyful haste,
To hail a sunken world's release,
So, Easter Angels, pure and bright,
Your message bear to waiting ears—
The Lord is risen! In Easter light
A new-created world appears.

O queenly Lily, bend your head!
The King of kings, your Maker, praise;
And Primrose, from your lowly bed
To Him your grateful glances raise;
Glad Eagle, mounting toward the Throne,
Praise Him with wings that never tire;
And Sparrow, on the housetop lone,
In your humility aspire.

The Lord is risen! And Heaven to Earth
In lowly condescension bends.
The Lord is risen! In His new birth
The weary world to Heaven ascends.
The Lord is risen! Blot from your heart
Old memories of sin and wrong.
The Lord is risen! Take now your part
In His eternal Easter song.

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The Organist

Alphonse Daudet's First Tale

Translated by Juliette Rathbone Thomas

The other day (says "Les Annales," the French periodical from which the following story is translated), while ransacking the National Library, we discovered, in an old file of the "Figaro" of 1860, a delicious fantasie of Alphonse Daudet, which has never, so far as we know, been reprinted. The little story is as dainty and delicate as the most famous of the "Letters from My Mill." We are happy to be able to offer it under the guise of a literary New Year's gift to our readers, and we fancy that Alphonse Daudet himself will not be averse to reading it again.

On this auspicious Christmas Day all the bells are pealing, and all the streets are in holiday attire. The bells of Saint-Eloy are jangling like mad. Ding! dang! boom! they scatter their heavy notes in every direction. It is three o'clock in the afternoon. Vespers are about to begin. The great steps of the church are covered with hooded women, poor people in rags, young girls swathed in furs, rich fathers with rotund forms; noses are red, teeth chatter, feet slip on the glittering, uneven steps. Under the church porch the Swiss struts proudly, calves to the wind, halted at rest, a belt on his breast. Inside, the edifice is full, the choir illumined, the chandeliers are lowered and filled with candles, the choristers are at their desks, the church-wardens in their stalls, the choir children, the canons, the faithful, all the world, are in their places. Why, then, does the service not begin?

Over the wide street, partly covered with snow, swept by the wind which whistles like an organ-pipe, a little man is running towards the church; a little man in a green redingote, thin, tight-waisted, a blue copy-book under his arm. It is the organist. With nose swollen and red as a radish, he runs, blowing his chilled fingers; he mounts the staircase two steps at a time; it is all his poor little limbs are equal to. For the first time in fifteen years, he is not at his organ at the accustomed hour; he had waited to recopy the last march for the "Battle of Austerlitz," a great *morceau* that he had composed expressly for Christmas Day. *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* What will they think of it? Under the porch he bows low to the Swiss, who bridles up, frowns, sets his mouth scornfully, and contents himself with inclining his plumed head. The trembling organist enters the church, his head bent like a culprit's; the crowd part to allow him to reach the gallery. As he mounts the stairs at full speed, a noise like thunder shakes the walls. Ah! irony of fate! they have commenced without him! The clergy, the choristers, the ophicleide, and the serpent are intoning the *Dixit Dominus*, with no organ to accompany them. What a catastrophe! All eyes are turned toward the gallery; the canons fidget in their places; *monsieur le curé* coughs fit to break the windows. The unhappy organist is beside himself! The blower! Where is the blower? Asleep on the stool; he wakens, grumbling, and works the bellows like a pump. The little man in a green coat passes his swollen fingers over the icy keyboard. Perched on his high *tabouret*, you would have said that a squirrel squatted on a limb.

Calm being at length restored, the awakened blower attends to his office decently; the organist has warmed his fingers in the fire of semiquavers.

"Good!" said he; "now I can play them my 'Battle of Austerlitz,' which is an imitative symphony, after the 'Desert' of Felicien David: one hears in it the sun—the great, red, rising sun; the neighing, frightened horses; the cannon and thunder, cavalry charges and platoon-firing, the death-rattle of the wounded, and the voice of the Emperor."

What labor the great work has cost! what fatigue! what sleepless nights! And just now it disturbed the solemnity of the holy day for its unhappy composer, by retarding his arrival some ten minutes. However, the moment of compensation has come at last.

"Attention, monsieur blower! and you, my fingers, do your duty bravely."

"The sun rises; the Emperor advances over the knoll!"

—Here a violent stroke of the bell sounds at the back of the choir. In church parlance, that stroke is to say: "Monsieur organist, enough of that sort of music, if you please."

The organist shudders, thinking he has misunderstood; doubtless the tinkling was in his ears. He continues, leaning on the keyboard:

"The Emperor mounts a white horse, holding a field-glass in his hand—"

"Drin, d'lin, drin, d'lin, drin!"

This time it is undoubtedly the bell; the bell is vexed, and says, in its sharpest tone, "Shut up, wretch of an organist!"

Nevertheless, the organist continues: "The Emperor's white horse rears; a light illumines the heavens."

Here the bell contains itself no longer, and shakes like an epileptic. The organist tries to stop. But his fingers continue in spite of himself. Terrible duel! The bell shrieks: "Enough! enough!" The fingers respond: "More! more!"

The congregation is electrified; the blower trembles in every limb; at last, after one final effort, the man in the green coat stops, desperate, leans his head on the keyboard, and allows the Emperor to view the battle alone.

Vespers are over, the crowd retires noisily, chairs fall, people greet each other and talk in undertones; they extinguish the tapers, the church is emptied, and the organist descends, mournfully carrying the famous "Battle of Austerlitz" under his arm. He dare not pass the sacristy, and asks himself, with tears in his eyes, what to think of such a chapter of accidents. Twice in fault on the same day: arrived ten minutes late, and deaf to the orders of the choir! In the middle of the church he encounters the verger, who says to him, with a wicked smile, as he raises the chandeliers:

"Eh bien! Monsieur Anselme, so our little composition did not take! Monsieur le curé did not appear greatly pleased."

The organist retreats blushing. A little further on he finds himself face to face with the Swiss, in the act of unbuckling his belt and brushing the fustian breeches for which he had exchanged his crimson small-clothes.

"He! he! Papa Anselme, seems to me we are growing old; our fingers keep going, but what about our limbs and our ears?"

The organist hangs his head to hide his moist eyes, clasps his beloved manuscript under his arm, and says, as he descends the staircase:

"Oh! what an unhappy existence is mine! what martyrdom for a soul, and for the fingers of an artist—to be at the beck and call of all these people! The back always bent, the cap always in the hand, the glance always earthward! I must take the advice of a foolish Swiss, of an imbecile beadle, of an idiot ophicleide; solicit the protection of great and small, of church-warden and sacristan, of factor and the hirer of chairs, of him who lights and of him who extinguishes; my inspiration must be at the service of a tyrannous bell; and in return for so many pains, what meager salaries, what wretched appointments! Scarcely can one make two ends meet. If only I could give lessons in the city; but no! only religious houses are open to me; and if they knew I had other pupils I would be lost. Added to this, my poor coat is out of season; I have nothing for cold weather; my piano is worn out, and my shoes as well. B'rr! What dog-days!"

And while our hero walks, scolding, it freezes hard as a stone; the north wind blows, and cruelly lashes in their slight cloth-covering the slender and shivering limbs of the poor organist.

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The Life Here and the Life Hereafter

Extracts from an Easter Sermon[1]

By Phillips Brooks

Late Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts

If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. —1 Cor. xv., 32.

When St. Paul speaks to us, we know that his few words are giving us only glimpses of what is passing in his mind; they are mere flashes on the surface out of the depths below. In these words, which I have taken for my Easter text, he is thinking evidently of that vast subject upon which the mind of man has always lingered with a painful interest and fascination, the subject which all the associations of to-day set us to thinking of—the subject of the two lives, the life here and the life hereafter, the earthly life and the resurrection life, and what they have to do with one another. He remembers his own life. Once he went to Ephesus. He excited great hostility, he met with violent persecution, there. It is not recorded that he was ever compelled to fight with wild beasts for his life, in the amphitheater of that great pleasure-seeking city. That may have been; but it seems more likely that he uses the expression metaphorically, to describe the fight which he had there to make against the human enemies of the truth which he believed in. That all comes back to him. He thinks, "Was it worth while to do it?" If it is all over so soon; if there is no future life into which such a struggle can project its issues; if a few years pass away and then it is all just exactly as if the fight had not been fought—what was the use of it? Whether I fought or surrendered, whether I was brave or was a coward, a little while, a very little while, and it will make no more difference than whether one of the dead brutes, whose life is over, struggled obstinately or gave up pusillanimously when they stabbed him to his death. Why should we struggle and fight? Why not let it go?

Our first thought is that Paul, when he speaks so, is not at his best. He is depressed. His tone is low. "It does make a difference, Paul," we want to say. "It does make a difference. What you fought for seemed to you to be the truth; and even if it is to perish utterly the next moment, the soul must keep its truthfulness, and die, if it does die, bravely fighting for what is right. This thing is absolute, and is superior to consequences. Suppose there is no future life; suppose the man who bravely does right lays down forever that life which he surrenders for his righteousness; still the essential character of the act remains. Even if it makes no difference a hundred years hence, it makes a difference now. The absolute right and justice has its present value. Though the star is to be quenched in a moment forever, it is good that the star should shine its brightest to the very last. This is the instinct of the brave and healthy heart that is faithful to its truest impulses."

And all that we know of Paul makes us sure that he could not have been insensible to such thoughts as these. His was just the nature to feel them most intensely. He was always in the power of the absolute nature of things. He was no mere mercenary weigher of consequences—no puppet of rewards and punishments. That the right was to be done simply for its own righteousness, no matter what came of it, was a truth that he would have held and taught more strongly than any other man that ever lived. Certainly there have been men who, with almost no intimation, at least with a very vague and elusive vision, of another life, have done brave and faithful deeds even with vast sacrifice and suffering. Such faithfulness has belonged, indeed, only to the very noblest spirits, and even with them we cannot but believe that some influence of the eternal nature of the acts that they were doing must have unconsciously inspired them.

As men live to-day, not making plans for to-morrow perhaps, but yet making always such plans for to-day as presuppose that there will be such a thing as a to-morrow; as we can feel that our hands would drop from all their busy tasks, and our brains stop spinning away at all their eager problems, if it were to become known to us that all was to stop forever with the setting of to-day's sun—so this wider view declares that a palsying sense of uselessness would fall upon the best activities of this world if Death were the end and there were no Easter prospect of an open immortality beyond. Some things, the lower things, no doubt, we should still keep on doing—feeding ourselves, amusing ourselves, trading and playing and talking with one another—but all our higher activities, and especially all high and difficult self-sacrifice, would wither under the blight of such a dreadful limit set to life. Let us look at this truth.

What is it that makes man sacrifice and deny himself, can you tell me? Why is it that wanting to do one thing dreadfully, with all these fiery passions driving me to it, I yet have a power, and sometimes use that power, to say, "No! I will not do it;" to say to the lust, "Down; you shall not be gratified"? What makes a man thus put his pleasure by and sacrifice himself? There are two answers only. One declares that the man gives up his present happiness to win some higher happiness yet to come. Another says that he gives up happiness in obedience to an absolute authority of the right. Duty is stronger than passion in his nature. The second answer sounds the loftier, but yet I am inclined to think that the two answers are not really two, but one. I am inclined to think that man in his highest idea is right when he thinks that duty and happiness go together; that if the world were not disordered, if God's idea ruled freely through the currents of our human life, a conscious enjoyment, intense and true, extending even to the mere outermost symbols of pleasure, physical delight, the joy of the senses, could go along with every doing of a right, good thing. There is a deep instinct in man's soul that goodness and happiness belong together. He keeps telling himself that they do. He says to himself: "Be good, and you will be happy." He sees hundreds of people who are good, who yet by any test that he can apply are not happy; but still he clings to his adage with a faithfulness that can only be grounded on a blind belief that somehow or other, somewhere or other, it must yet come true.

A part, a fragment, is wretched and unaccountable if you try to treat it as if it were a whole; but if you accept it as a part and treat it so, treat it with reference to a larger whole to which it belongs, then it at once is beautiful and intelligible. How many illustrations of that we see everywhere! Childhood is healthy, good, and beautiful, as one section of human life, bound to and prophesying the others that are to follow it by strong fibers of anticipation that it sends forward. But childhood as a life by itself loses its poetry, is frivolous and empty, as you see when any weak nature grows up to years of manhood or womanhood and yet remains forever nothing but a child.

So the individual is mean and poor if you think of him alone as if God made him for what he personally is, for what he personally can accomplish; but set the individual into the race, and see him there and then, no matter how insignificant he is, the veriest hewer of wood or drawer of water, and he is respectable with the accumulated dignity of the humanity of which he is a part.

I glory in the sense, which man has always had, that if this life is a whole, it is poor, unintelligible, and contemptible. If it is a part knit to the eternities, before, behind, one fragment of a great moral unity whose issues are to everlasting, then it is beautiful and sublime, and suggests a thousand exquisite explanations even of its darkest and most puzzling mysteries. In such a sense I see a glimpse of its own proof. It is a reaching of the part after the whole, of the child-soul for the God-soul, of time for eternity; and when a man dares to think of these years here of his own life, not as a whole, but as a part of a larger whole which is to be taken up and to go on forever, then it is wonderful how his existence, which seemed

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to him so mean, grows in a moment beautiful, interesting, significant, and stirs in him the deepest sense of responsibility and the profoundest reverence for his own immortality.

And now comes Easter morning! What does it mean? Do you not see? Every old guess and dream and hope becomes suddenly lighted up with certainty. Lo, it is true! Death is not the end of all things. Here is a man, the truest, realest man (we often forget that about Jesus Christ, but so he was), the realest man that ever lived; he died: and, see, he still lives! Then we, too, do not die in death. We thought so. Now we are sure of it. This life here is a part, not a whole. It is worth while to struggle, however shapeless and crude the work is when we have to lay it down over night, for there is a to-morrow coming. It is worth while to fight with beasts at Ephesus, for the dead do rise!

Do you not see? Here is where the resurrection of Christ, the first-fruits of them that slept—assuming the essential immortality of the human soul, and so promising the resurrection of all men—here is where it touches the lives of men directly, and discriminates between those of us who are making this earthly life a whole and those of us who, however blindly, are feeling that it cannot be a whole, but must be merely a part of some larger whole, and are treating it so every day. The risen Christ is already the judge of the lives of men.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" It is a sound that we hear not merely through tavern windows, but, if we listen clearly enough, out of the doors of the best warehouses of the city, and from the anxious bustle of our overdriven household life. What sense is there in fighting beasts? Why should we vex ourselves with great principles, with the progress of the soul, with the problems of the infinite? To-morrow we die. Simple, frank, reputable worldliness. Suppose to such a man there comes the revelation of the Easter morning. To-morrow you do not die. To-morrow you begin to live. Look through this broken tomb door outside Jerusalem. Lo, it has never been closed since the stone was rolled away, and the guards fell on their faces, and the angels shone in the brightening morning, and Jesus came forth, centuries ago. Look through and see—what? The great whole of which this that you are trying to make a whole out of is but a little part. See the immortal life in which goodness, truth, purity, unselfishness, high affections, the love of God, and sympathetic, charitable brotherhood with men are to be the only things that are worth having, the only valuables; and then turn and look at your life, and try to fit it against this whole of which it is a part.

There is not one of us, the triflers of society and the drudges of business, who, if you made him fully understand that he was to do just that forever and forever, either here or in some gold and jasper city, would not stand aghast. The life of the ephemeral insect loses its beauty, grows tawdry and ugly, unless it dies to night, if you leave it over until to-morrow. And so, when Christ, by his resurrection, opens a longer life to us, it is distinctly another life, a larger life, a life of more demands, of more spiritual duties and companionship, than this. No one can read the Gospels that describe our Lord after his resurrection without feeling something of what he would make known to us about the resurrection life. There is a difference in him. His flesh and blood is flesh and blood still, but it is more spiritualized. It comes and goes with less observation. Everything seems to impress upon us this, that the life on which he entered, and on which we enter through him after death, must be a life of spiritual affinities, of less gross, material, corporeal experience; a life in which the characters of our spiritual natures, and not the mere condition of our bodies or the circumstances that surround us, shall determine our enjoyment or our pain. Let us catch this idea and then see what a spiritual influence the resurrection of Christ must have upon this life that we are living now. It compels us to contemplate another sort of life to come beyond the grave. Some day we are to go forth in our spiritual responsibility and to meet the demands of spiritual existence. The soul, buried under the cares of life, thrills when it hears such tidings as that. Is it ready—is it anyway getting ready—for such resurrection? See how the whole evangelical experience starts with such an intelligence. The soul brought face to face with its destiny feels its utter unfitness for it. Sin and stain are on its garments. It must have some deliverer. It must find its Deliverer there, whither it is going, in that spiritual world for which it feels its unfitness, for which it must be fit. It cries out for Christ. Christ comes, and the mysterious work of pardon and regeneration passes between him and the soul; and then the soul, with a spiritual immortality now set clearly before it, goes to work to struggle with itself, to conquer down its yet remaining sin, to win Christ perfectly, to be good, pure, and holy.

It is very interesting, I think, to consider what must have been the enlightenment which the certain news of Jesus's resurrection brought to many who had been his half-disciples in Jerusalem, who had wanted to believe all that he had preached, but had been perplexed and bewildered by its immensity. Such a man had heard Jesus tell about the spiritual life. He had heard him say, not many days before, standing in the great temple with the multitude around him, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." He had wanted to come. Something in him had blindly answered to the invitation, but it seemed so large, so much too large, for this little man's little, meager life. What time was there, what room was there, for such an experience of the spirit between these narrow walls, between the birth and death that crowded so closely upon one another? A few days later the Teacher himself died. What chance had even he had to develop his great ideas and purposes and live the life he taught his followers? But three days later new tidings came. That was not all! That was only the beginning. He is not dead. He cannot die. He lives forever, and in his ever lasting life ours also is included.

The world's poor heart knows very well what it wants. For years and years it longed to see one man rise from the dead. If it could only have that! It could let many other questions go unanswered, but O for some light on that darkness—O for some sound out of that silence! If it could have that, then its bonds would be broken, its whole pale life flooded with color, its best truths verified completely, and a hope lighted upon every grave. No longer should spiritual philosophy labor under the burden of materialism; no longer should the dying die in terrible doubt, and the mourners go hopelessly about the streets. My friends, the world's prayer is answered. A true man has risen from the grave. Life and immortality are brought to light.

I cannot speak to you to-day without thinking how since last Easter Day death has been here among the people of my parish. I look about, and I remember so many in every varying age—the baby with its earliest dearness, the boy, the strong young man with all his fair bright life before him, the father, the mother of the household, the veteran servant of God, and the young eager soul just laying hold of Christ's mercy and his service. How many they are that have gone from us since last spring! How dear they were to you whom God has taken! What a year of death it has been! I think that Easter Day, with its thoughts of death and resurrection, never meant so much to so many of us as it does this year. May I not call on you to-day, with a new faith in your Redeemer, to put away every low sorrow that the year has brought, and to lift up your hearts to the highest sorrow for your dead, which is not sorrow but joy, joy and thanksgiving to God for the completed life on which they have entered, and in which they wait for us, and which God makes clear to us by the Saviour's resurrection? O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? For now is Christ risen from the dead.

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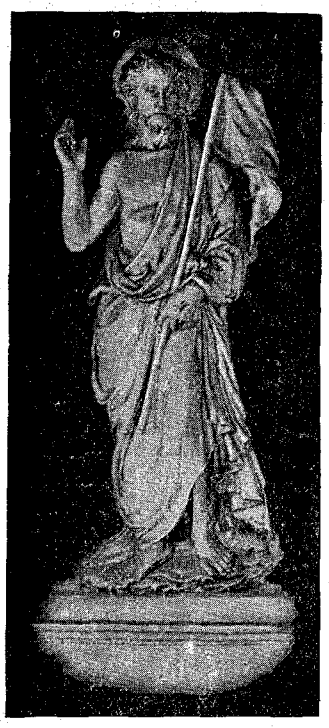
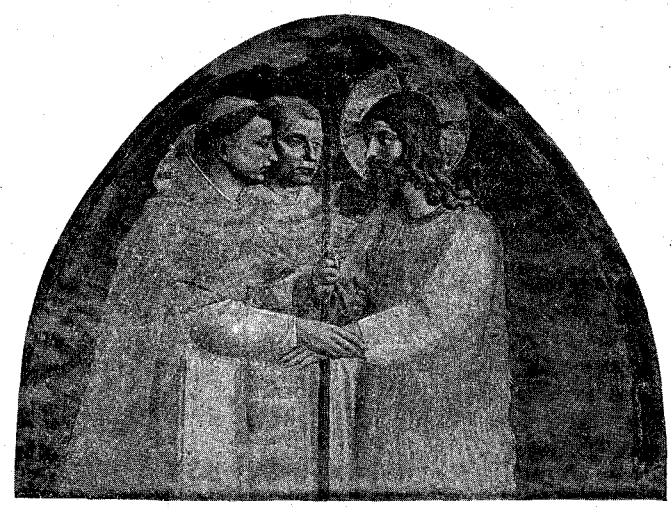
The Risen Christ in Art

By Elbert F. Baldwin



Detail of Resurrection Scene, by Luca della Robbia

NO wonder that primitive Christian art languished when the early believers were either image-hating Hebrews, or Græco-Romans who had renounced idolatry. For them, therefore, there could be no ornaments; only signs to be easily read, "*libri idiotarum*," the books of the simple, according to Saint Augustine. As least likely either to discovery from without or to protest from within the Church, the first furtive beginnings of Christian art were in symbols on signet-rings and incised gems. Then, gradually, these emblems appeared on eucharistic cups, on vases, lamps, and finally on monumental slabs and sarcophagi. Resurrection symbols adorned all, but especially the last; the favorites were the fish, peacock, pelican, eagle, and palm. In the catacombs where they lived, Christians now began to save some of the less offensive pagan sarcophagi, ivory diptychs, frescoes, and mosaics. After this they commenced, shyly and timorously we may believe, by drawing a line about the head, to introduce Christ, the Good Shepherd, where before had been Orpheus or Hermes. When, later, they dared themselves image their Lord, what more natural than that they should transfer, not only that nimbus, but also the calmness of the Greek god's expression? Of course they copied the beardless face, as indicating the unending prime of eternity; but in Byzantine times it seemed more reverent to represent Christ as bearded. Only the scornful independence of a Michael Angelo dared break through this second tradition, and on the walls of the Sistine Chapel depict Him without a beard (see illustration). Long before any original Christian work had been attempted, the Epicurean philosopher Celsus had ridiculed Christianity because its followers in general, and Origen in particular, held that Christ was devoid of external beauty; and in the first representations of the Divine Face there may be read an abhorrence of earthly attractiveness. But when Christianity became the State religion, and Constantine the first Christian emperor, the image of Jesus, in the popular and in the artistic mind alike, underwent a radical transformation. Both in size and beauty there was a conscious increase. It was at this time, too, that there arose those magic pictures attributed by the credulous to Saint Luke. Then came a division in art no less than in theology during the gradual separation between the Eastern and Western Churches. To the first the Christ-face was indeed "without form or comeliness;" to the second, "full of grace and truth." In succeeding ages a far deeper change took place in portrayal. The inevitable dissatisfaction had arisen with a countenance expressive only of Hellenic serenity. The need was for a more human Christ. It was not so necessary to see the Good Shepherd and the calm Judge as to witness those crucial moments of his actual death and actual resurrection. The Church had indeed outgrown infant diet, and was demanding strong meat. The most energizing epoch in history, the Gothic age, had come, and out of it were rising those famous founders of religious orders, Saints Francis and Dominic, and those no less remarkable royal church-builders, Saint Louis of France and Saint Ferdinand of Spain. Not only architecture, all art was bursting into expression as never before. Dante was composing his immortal "Divina Commedia." Niccolò Pisano had rediscovered sculpture, and Giotto had well-nigh invented painting. Though in delineating His pre-resurrection life these artists had striven as never before to dower the Christ-face with divinity, how much more did they now produce in that countenance in post-resurrection scenes a glory not of this world! For the first time, then, there appeared in art a face of the risen Saviour in which was portrayed sympathy through suffering rather than serenity after suffering.



"Abide with Us," by Fra Angelico

Drawing for "The Supper at Emmaus," by Rembrandt

Incredible as it seems, the actual resurrection does not occur in earliest Christian centuries, perhaps because there was then so little skepticism among believers. The first representations which have come to us are ivories, perhaps of the fifth century, and in graphic force they have never been surpassed. One is at Cologne. Christ, beardless, a nobly broad face and figure, with one hand puts aside the linen clothes, and with the other grasps the banner of victory as he rises majestically from the tomb. The other ivory is in Munich. Our Lord ascends, stepping up the clouds as if they were hills, and grasping an outstretched hand—the Father's—held down from above. Compared to these, later Byzantine works are repulsive. Their almost unvarying model consists of an open tomb, about which guards are sleeping. In one

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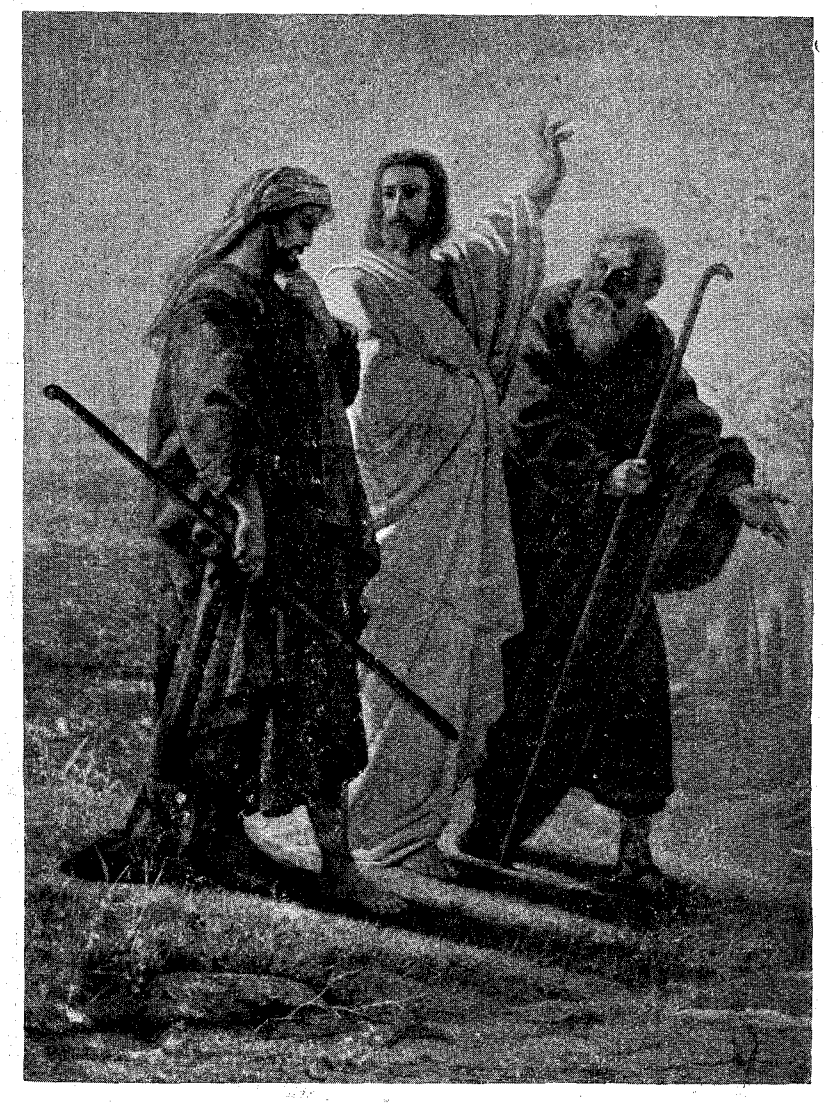
corner are two angels. They say to the women in the other: "He is not here; He is risen," the words being chiseled or painted alongside. Coming to better times, it was fitting that the Pisani, who reintroduced sculpture to the world, should carve the resurrection as the climax to their work at Pisa, Siena, and Orvieto. The originality and vigor of that later creator, Luca della Robbia (see cut), was also busied with this subject. But it was still more fitting that the great Giotto should be the first ever to paint the resurrection. Like the scene's earliest treatments in sculpture, it is, of all in painting, the most forceful. With Giotto our Lord is not yet glorified; not even a nimbus is about his head; no angel adores him; yet he is no longer man. He already soars heavenward, the banner of triumph in his hand. Then the pupils, Taddeo Gaddi and Niccolò di Pietro, tried their powers. Lacking the master's genius, they endeavored to atone by introducing more accompaniments and by painting Christ as a spirit of finer tissues than the human. The elder Bellini and Fra Angelico then treated it, showing the Marys looking into an empty tomb, while far above glides the Saviour. An impetus toward greater originality now induced Perugino and other Umbrians to represent some of the guards as awakened—a notion which advanced until Paul Veronese and Simon de Vos actually show one of the men aiming a blow at the rising Christ. From this we come to the ostentatious emphasis laid upon the supernatural in the time of the Carracci, such as a guard asleep upon a sealed sepulcher, while the fact that Christ is soaring above proves that he has passed the double barrier. Those trusty Germans, however, Martin Schön and Albrecht Dürer, would none of this, and instinctively returned to the early acceptance of an open tomb.



"On the Way to Emmaus," by Plockhorst

On the other hand, of our Lord's appearance to the Magdalen there are many examples in Græco-Roman and Byzantine art. They are always the same—stiff, undramatic, and unspiritual in their slavishness to tradition. Christ holds a spade over his shoulder, so that he may be mistaken for the gardener! and turns away from the woman embracing his feet. We gladly come then to the exquisite simplicity of Duccio and Giotto, only to descend again to the crystallization of that momentary impression of the Magdalen that Christ was the gardener. Poussin even paints him digging up carrots! But the genius of Lorenzo di Credi, Barroccio, Albertinelli, Correggio, and, above all, Titian, lifted them out of this second literalism into the conviction that after resurrection Christ's was truly a glorified body. Of this subject there are impressive drawings by Rembrandt, yet, dating from the same age, we have Le Sueur's theatrical Christ and Magdalen.

Of the Appearance to the Three Marys, although there were frequent representations in pre-Gothic times, the only worthy later ones are by Giotto (Padua) and Mantegna (Milan), the latter in the master's grandest style. On the contrary, the Emmaus journey was not introduced to art until Duccio painted it. By far the most sympathetic treatment is by Fra Angelico, over the door through which travelers passed to enjoy the hospitality of his convent of San Marco in Florence; and in our illustration the loyalty of the artist to his order will be noted in the transformation of the two disciples into Dominican monks, who urge their Heavenly Guest to remain. Another and stronger Dominican painter, from out this very convent, Fra Bartolommeo, has a picture on the same subject, a poor affair compared with his masterpiece, the sublime "Deposition" in the Pitti at Florence. Of modern achievements the greatest are by Plockhorst (Berlin) and Hofmann (Dresden), but we may naturally expect works from those more realistic painters, Uhde, Gabriel Max, and Munkacsy.

Even a more loved and exquisite subject is the Supper at Emmaus. It was in especial demand for the decoration of refectories or chapels, where wall-space was too small for the necessary thirteen figures of the Last Supper. Hence its frequent substitution for the latter, as, for instance, by Bellini at San Salvatore, Venice. What a strange descent from this painter to the greater Venetian, Titian, following after, who puts as disciples at the feast those scarcely appropriate personages, Charles V. and Cardinal Ximines, while, as a final insult, Philip II. appears as page! Coming to a still later Venetian age, the portraits of Paul Veronese's whole family are offensively introduced as of far greater importance than Christ's in the painter's treatment. Such so-called religious pictures are, of course, mere decoration. Gothic and early Renaissance artists had suited their art to their subjects, but now painters were suiting their subjects to their unspiritual skill. For real reverence in these times we must leave the Italians for Rembrandt, who, in general, tells the Bible story as though he were an eyewitness. His rudest lines have a stenographic value. We feel them to be actual rather than ideal. This master gives us unrivaled chiaroscuro, not only in his Emmaus Supper, one of the Louvre treasures, but also in his later drawings (see cut) of the same scene preserved at Dresden.

The Unbelief of Thomas is a theme which seemingly ought to have appealed to artists, yet we find few portrayals of it. In sculpture, Verrocchio's work, adorning Or San Michele at Florence, is well known; and Giotto, Cima, Caravaggio, Andrea del Sarto, and Guercino have painted it. But who has ever done it faintest justice? One man's work

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"The Risen Christ as Judge," by Michael Angelo

is too realistic—Thomas is almost tearing open the wound; another's too idealistic—Christ an impossible creation. The Charge to Peter is the subject of Donatello's marvelous relief at South Kensington, of Guido's cheap sentiment in the Louvre, and of Perugino's great fresco in the Sistine, for whose walls Raphael's cartoon was also intended. An assertive Roman dogmatism disfigures these scenes by the addition of gigantic keys!

If there were no representation of the resurrection before the sixth or seventh century, it is not strange that there was also none of the last earthly appearance of the risen Lord; namely, of his Ascension. The first ivories are simple. Christ blesses his mother and the Apostles as he rises. Angels hold a crown over him. From one upper corner the sun looks down, from another the moon! To succeeding artists down to Fra Angelico the Ascension seemed so superearthly that they buried the Holy Figure in clouds; nothing was seen but the hem of his garment and his feet. Giotto, however, had already thrown off the shackles, and showed the ascending Saviour in full figure. Of course the Giottisti followed hard after. One of Perugino's famous works (Lyons) is an Ascension. In Raphael's design, the greatest of painters imitates his master in sacrificing the upper part of the picture to the lower. In Correggio's fresco at Parma, religion seems completely forgotten. Every interest centers in his charming angels, and Christ is but an accessory. From this frivolity it is a relief to turn to Tintoretto's solemn treatment (Venice).

Earliest portrayals of our Lord's appearance at the Last Judgment show him beardless and benign, seated on a throne from which are flowing the four rivers of Paradise. The earth is his footstool; the Book of Wisdom is in his hand; the lightnings of judgment dart from his lips. Perhaps the best work of the fifth century now extant is that triumph of early mosaicists in Saint Paul's-Without-the-Walls, Rome. Later works sometimes represent the Christ-Judge as very mature, in strange contradiction to the earlier belief in an everlasting prime. The eternity idea is now evinced by winged wheels at his feet. Towards the souls of just men made perfect he presents the palm of his hand; the back toward the unjust. These are further divided by a stream of fire flowing from the throne or rainbow whereon he sits (the rivers of Paradise would not suit Byzantine sternness), and are still further divided by some souls going into Abraham's bosom, and some into the Lake of Tartarus, where Satan stands waiting. To Christ's immediate right and left are the disciples, six and six, headed by Mary and the Baptist. The four evangelists are now conspicuous by their absence; wooden justice could not admit even a suggestion of reconciliation. The archangel Michael weighs souls in a balance, and another angel is folding up a mighty scroll on which are emblazoned the sun, moon, and stars. The visions of Daniel, who saw the "Ancient of Days," and of Saint John, the apocalyptic visionary, come to mind. Of course Giotto's innovations changed all this, and Orcagna's still more. In the latter's solemn fresco at the Pisan Campo Santo we find a new kingliness in the risen Lord, alongside whom the Apostles sit, so many assessors. The graves give forth their dead. Nearly in the middle, Solomon rises, uncertain which way to turn! It seems strange that from the severe Orcagna there came the inspiration for his several Last Judgments of the gentler Fra Angelico. The most celebrated work of Signorelli is his Judgment (Orvieto), and it suggested Michael Angelo's. In both, Christ has lost not only spirituality but serenity, and has become a prosecutor, not a judge. We see only a Hercules, with small head and gigantic muscles, hurling angry anathemas at those who would presume to thwart him. The Flemings and the Dutch shrank from thus portraying Christ as an avenging Justice, and, indeed, from representing the last act in the world-drama at all. From them have come only two notable pictures—the works of Hans Memling and of Roger van der Weyden, in both of which there is a strange impassiveness in Christ's countenance when we contrast it with its representation in other pictures, where all that Northern intensity could do to offset Southern skill is shown in appealing expressions of pain, sympathy, and faith. In the Last Judgment of Rubens (Munich) the face and figure of Christ are rather those of Jove; but Tintoretto's treatment (Venice) is, as Ruskin says, the event as seen by them who shall not sleep, but be changed. The only great modern Last Judgment is the one by Cornelius in Munich.

Coming to our own period, it is a matter of intense pride that, while the present is no such creative art-age as were the ages of Pericles, Dante, and Leonardo, yet nineteenth-century artists have produced individual works which will rank alongside those immortal ones of old time. Even in the highest effort of art—namely, the attempt to picture our Saviour—no one in any epoch has combined

"The Risen Christ as Saviour," by Thorwaldsen

better than has Thorwaldsen, in his colossal statue, at Copenhagen, of the risen Saviour, the Greek serenity of early Christian ages, the stern righteousness of Byzantine, the sympathy through suffering of Gothic, and the fuller life development of later times.

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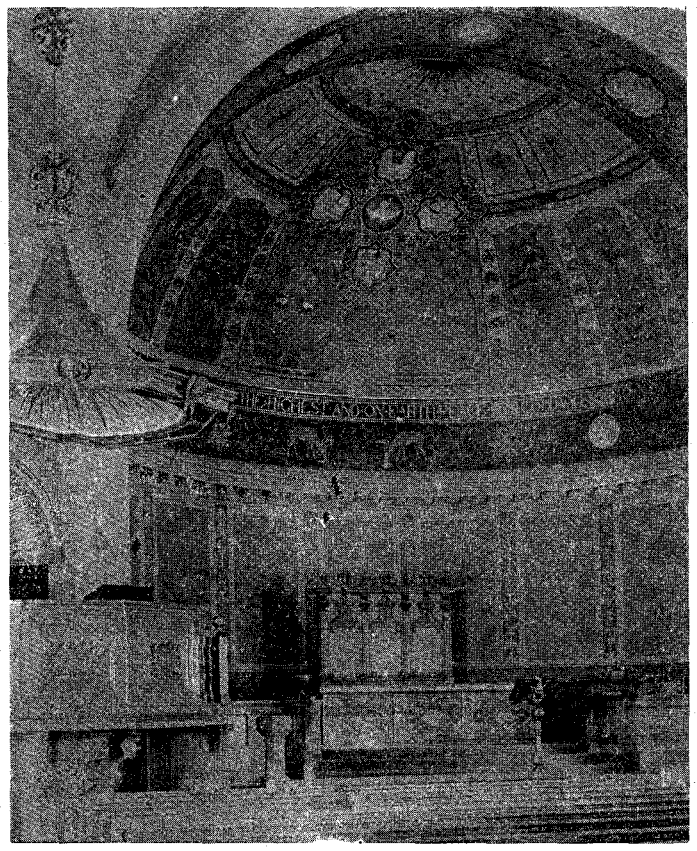
The Central Congregational Church, Providence

By the Rev. Edward C. Moore

It is rather remarkable that in the building of Protestant churches in recent years it has not more often occurred to the builders to ask themselves the question, What was the style of architecture native to the era of the Revival of Learning and of the Reformation of Religion from which Protestantism dates? There was such a style—the second period of the Romanesque, the so-called Renaissance architecture. Its characteristic is the lavish use of pure Greek ornamentation upon a Roman structural form. Just that grafting of what was Greek in spirit upon the forms of intellectual and of religious life which had ruled the world from Rome through the middle age, was the distinctive feature both of the Renaissance and of the rise of Protestantism. Messrs. Carrere and Hastings, of New York, the architects of the new Central Congregational Church of Providence, have the honor to be the first American architects who have striven to give embodiment to this thought. And the Central Church is, without doubt the best example which we yet have in this country of that style. They have followed the models of the French Renaissance work of the best age—that of the reign of Henry II., 1547–1559.

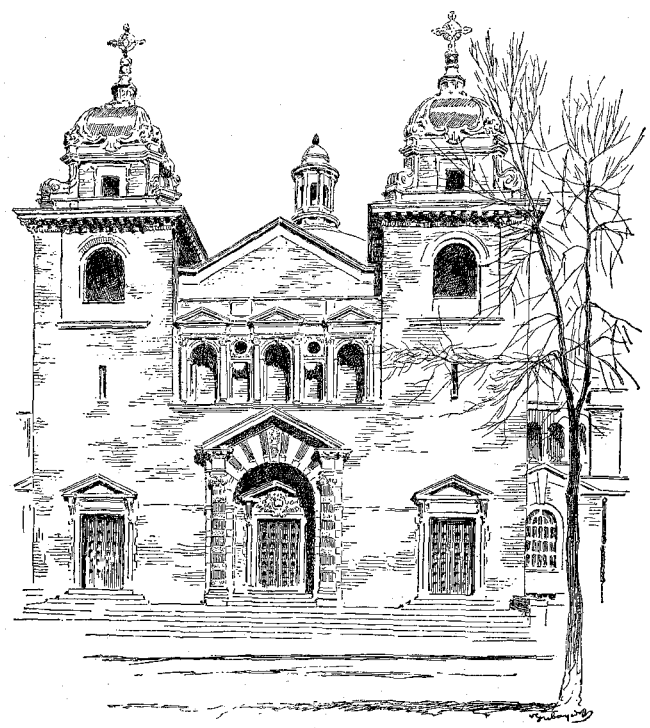


The Apse

The building is of yellow brick, with cream-colored terra-cotta trimmings and roof of red Guastavino tile. It owes its effect of height to the dome, which is fifty-two feet in diameter and seventy-three feet high, inside, and rests immediately upon the four great piers. The nave is of the same length with the transepts, and a semicircular apse closes the fourth side. The apse is occupied by the communion-table, having only a lectern in front of it. The pulpit is built into one of the great piers. The organ is at the end of the nave, and mainly hidden by an ornamental screen. The pews of the transepts face inward. The outside aisles pass through the piers, and thus run completely around the building, connecting the seven entrances. The interior surface of the dome and of the semicircular vaulting of the nave and transepts is of cream-colored tile, and is itself a part of the actual structure of the roof, so that there is no wood above the cornice nor iron above the collar of the dome. The three vaults are sustained by twelve pillars, which are, however, outside the line of the pews, so that there is not a sitting in the house from which the speaker cannot be seen. The church seats a thousand, without the galleries. The acoustic property is perfect. The interior woodwork is of oak of simple design.

All the decoration of the building has been massed in the apse. This work was done by Mr. H. T. Schladermundt, of New York. The richest use has been made of the early Christian symbolism. The figures of the four Evangelists, with the dove of the Holy Spirit, mark the cross in the center. The hart, symbol of thirst after God, and the peacock, of immortality, are upon the broad band above the cornice, and the ark and the fish upon the soffit of the arch. The coloring is warm, and at the same time the effect is very soft. The contrast of this one spot with the tile surfaces and the broad arches is full of strength. The prevailing sense of dignity and repose in the building is largely due to the great smooth spaces of soft color, broken only by the structural lines, and all leading to the one luminous point. The same principle of decoration has been applied rigidly to the exterior. Only the horizontal lines have been emphasized, and only the doorways and the tops of the towers are highly ornate. The chapel, tangent to the apse and embracing it on either side with two small passage-rooms, has been kept purposely low so as not to mar the effect of the main building. It contains eleven large rooms—infant-school room, library, parlors, and workrooms for the women's society, kitchen, and every convenience and adaptation to the life and work of a modern church. The lecture-room, with its barrel ceiling, strongly reminds one of the refectory of some of the great Italian monasteries. The chapel will seat six hundred and fifty persons.

Without doubt, the spirit of worship can be enhanced by truly devotional surroundings. But how to recover some elements of devout human culture, and to feel ourselves the heirs of all the heritage of a great and glorious past, without losing one of all the things for which we, as the children of the Reformation, stand—that is the problem. A church must be more than an auditorium. It may never, indeed, go back to the models of the days when there was little or no care for preaching. Nevertheless, it is more than a place to preach in. The element of worship must also be considered. And these two purposes of the building must be harmoniously adjusted the one to the other.



Central Congregational Church

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The Home

The Dayspring

Easter is the time of hope. We turn to it as a flower to the sun; all the disappointments, the discouragement, of the year seem to lie behind us, and we turn with new ardor to the year that begins with the promise of renewed life, new opportunity. Nature seems to increase this surety. The earth is trembling with the new pulse of activity that will clothe her with beauty and fragrance.

We may stop for a moment, and look over the year behind us. It will be found, perhaps, to have in it more failures than successes, more defeats than triumphs. It may be marked by a broken love, a shattered friendship, an empty niche where a statue had been placed, the offspring of the imagination; it may be that the defeat of the year is in one's self; and this is the hardest to bear of all the burdens the year has placed upon us, yet it is the one that has the fullest promise of the Easter-time. To roll the stone away from our dead selves, and stand in the full light of knowledge with the opportunity for rehabilitation, yea, more than that, new creation, is to touch the very heart of divinity, and feel its pulsations in the soul. To stand with defeat behind us, and to face Godward, knowing that every sin has left an impress on character that will need the vigilance of the awakened manhood to overcome, and yet to know that the soul never stands alone, that the power to overcome is always within the grasp of the man who fights to win, gives victory. To feel the throb of a new purpose, to stand before men a type of the Man giving sympathy, help, hope to all men—this it is to feel the Easter-time and live the Easter hope.

Mistakes, disappointments, shattered hopes and idols, defeated purpose, even mistaken interpretations, become but helps to the new year whose birth is the spirit of Easter promise. Life, hope, opportunity, and new power are the promises of every Easter.

A Modern Shylock

By Lucia Trevitt Auryansen

Portia came into my sitting-room the other day with something that was almost a frown on her usually serene brow. She gave me an abstracted greeting and sat down in her favorite chair, pulling off her gloves and hardly noticing the cat, who came wriggling about her affectionately.

"It is a very uncomfortable day out," she remarked, almost gloomily. Portia is never *quite* gloomy.

I looked up in surprise. She never talks about the weather unless as an argument to urge me to go out walking or driving with her, so I knew something was on her mind.

"What is the matter, my dear?" I asked. "It isn't the choice of lovers this time, surely!"

"No, indeed," and she looked caressingly at the heavy circlet on her pretty hand. "That is settled."

The choice of lovers had been happily settled long ago.

I went on with my guessing. "Well, are you worrying over what might have happened if your Bassanio had chosen the wrong casket?"

She laughed. "Don't be absurd, Titania. I knew he would stand the test. There wasn't the least doubt in my mind but that he would make the right choice."

"That was because you loved him."

"No, that was *why* I loved him; that power of his to discriminate and choose, without making any fuss about it."

There was something significant in her tones, but it did not give me much clue to her trouble.

"Then is it the oppressor and the pound of flesh that disturb your mind, my judicial little lady?"

Her face brightened. "That comes nearer to it. I am puzzled about what we owe to do and what we do not owe. I don't know exactly what the Shylock is who is claiming not only a pound of flesh, but the whole of us, body and soul."

She paused a moment, then added, with a little laugh: "It's rather a numerous Shylock, Titania."

"Well?" I knew she would come down to plain English before long.

The cat had climbed up into her lap, and she stroked him thoughtfully a few moments before she spoke.

"Titania, don't you think a great deal is required of women nowadays?" she went on. "I mean just ordinary women like you and me, with lots of friends and interests, and an ambition to amount to something. Let me give you a bit of my observation first; then I will tell you some of my own experience. You understand that I don't mean to be critical.

"It was at our Emerson Club last night. John and I have planned to be away next Sunday, and I thought it would be a good chance to find some one to take my Sunday-school class.

"I asked Sylvia first, and she said, 'Oh, dear! you don't expect *me* to do anything more, do you? Why, I haven't an evening to myself this week, to say nothing of the days, and I couldn't possibly study the lesson.'

"Perhaps it was unreasonable to ask her just after she had told me her engagements for the week—dancing-school Monday, Whist Club Tuesday, Emerson Club last night, Julia Marlowe Thursday, Symphony Friday afternoon, and meeting in the evening (most of the girls in our set go to the prayer-meeting, unless they have too pressing an engagement), and Saturday evening a choral society."

"That is a full week, to be sure," said I. Sylvia is a pretty delicate girl, compounded largely of nerves and vivacity. I thought the pound of flesh would come from near the heart, but, with Portia, was not quite sure what was the Shylock.

"I asked Helena next," Portia continued. "She said she would be glad to do it if she could, but her evenings were as full as Sylvia's, and she has so much to do at home, for they are doing their own work. She could not possibly stay to Sunday-school anyway, it would make dinner so late.

"Cornelia has a class of her own, but she is going to give that up because she is so busy. She is studying music, you know, and practices four or five hours a day, besides giving lessons and singing with a quartet and in the choir. I suppose it is too hard for her to teach and do all the other things.

"Rosalind said she could teach them to do the flying trapeze act or to come down a brass pole hand over hand (you know she has gone crazy over physical culture, and she *is* amazingly pretty in her 'gym' suit), but as for instructing them in the Scriptures, she would as soon think of teaching them Sanscrit! And she is a church member and a dear girl," said Portia, wistfully.

"I hated to ask Constance, for she teaches all the week, and works in the church and studies hard besides. I know she is doing too much, but Shylock in that case is an exacting conscience that makes her do everything of that kind she is asked to because she thinks she ought. The young men of the Club were listening to all this conversation, and finally Harry remarked, with that scornful little laugh of his: 'What a busy set you are! I should think you would all succumb under the pressure of so many obligations. I'm thankful mine are all discharged between nine and five at the office, and I can do as I please the rest of the time.' He is *such* an irresponsible boy," and Portia sighed in a discouraged way. "One of the girls said she *was* about ready to succumb. Her mother said she must give up something, and she had just told Mrs. Lovell to take her name off the membership list of the

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Mission Band. She really could not get time to keep it up. Harry said yes, he should think she would draw the line there—an hour a month was a good deal of time to give to such an unimportant matter! I don't think she half appreciated the sarcasm," said Portia, laughing. "She only looked puzzled, and Harry's face was inscrutable."

My gentle little judge fondled the cat for a few minutes without speaking, then she went on, thoughtfully:

"Of course we do have obligations, social, intellectual, and physical, as well as religious, and it isn't easy to discriminate."

"And Shylock?" said I, anxious to see how she would bring out her idea.

"I'm afraid I haven't carried out the figure very well. I suppose my thought was that love of pleasure or ambition to shine in society may get possession of us, and make us believe in spite of ourselves that we owe more to them than we really do; so the other things get crowded out. You see what I meant when I said so much was required of women nowadays. In our grandmothers' time they were not expected to know all the new dances, read all the new books, keep up with the best things at the theater and opera, belong to musical societies and whist clubs, and hold an equal interest in the church work besides. Where are we going to draw the line, Tita? Keep out of society altogether and attend to our domestic affairs alone?"

"I hope not; what would be the use of homes, if they were not for the foundation of society and state? But you have given me only the result of your observation, Portia. What was the experience?"

"The problem seems to be difficult enough for girls, but don't you think, Tita, that it becomes still more complicated for a married woman with a husband and a house to think of besides her church and social duties? Now, John and I were out every evening last week, and I was at home only one afternoon. The other day we counted up eleven organizations that I belong to, and this week I have been asked to join an art class, a choral society, and a whist club!"

Portia flung down these facts as a sort of challenge.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked, laughing.

"I don't know; I want to join the art class, and John and I would both enjoy the music. As for the other, you know Mrs. Page, Tita? well, she came in yesterday morning and announced with great satisfaction that at last there was a vacancy in their whist club, and she was at liberty to ask me to join. I think she hadn't an idea but that I would jump at the chance. I told her I would consider it. I like to play whist well enough, but it means an afternoon every week, fair or foul, from two to five, providing a substitute if I can't go, and entertaining the club twice in the season, furnishing the prizes and light refreshments. It is such a *serious* form of recreation! When I play, I want to do it incidentally."

"It is a little like taking one's amusements under bonds. What does John say about all your engagements?"

"Oh, he lets me do as I please."

"The *ambition* for self-improvement is very likely to become the oppressor to conscientious women like you. I mean that women with a taste for literature, art, or music find themselves tempted to go into all sorts of delightful clubs and classes, and to keep up with all that is going on in the way of exhibitions and concerts and lectures, so that a perfectly praiseworthy desire for self-improvement may become a goading ambition that leads to self-destruction."

"Isn't that putting it strongly, Tita?" asked Portia, laughing.

"Not at all; and when our artistic and literary and musical young woman has a taste for philanthropy also, and feels herself under obligations to do all that is asked of her in the church, and to keep her house perfectly, and return all her calls, and entertain all her friends, the chances are that Shylock will claim his full bond before many years."

"But isn't it true," began Portia, argumentatively, "that it is a woman's duty to make the most of herself intellectually, and keep herself in touch with all great movements and the current of modern thought?"

"Of course it is; she cannot be a true wife without it; but, you see, she defeats her own purpose by trying to do too much. She wants to be literary, but her reading clubs demand so much time that she seldom has leisure to enjoy a book. She is philanthropic, but her benevolent societies and missionary associations are so absorbing that she does not have time to call on her poor neighbor; while all the round of concerts, lectures, and meetings fill her days so completely that when she does have an afternoon or evening at home she is too tired to enjoy it. The pendulum has swung a long way since women were expected to acquire only domestic accomplishments."

"You are quite eloquent, Titania," said Portia, as I closed my harangue somewhat breathlessly. "Perhaps I have been spreading myself out too thin," she added, meditatively, "but it is hard to know where to draw the line."

"I heard Helena say the other day that she was so rushed with all her different engagements that it would be a relief to be sick and obliged to give up everything for a while. And yet she hasn't the moral courage to choose the most important things and let the rest go."

"Portia, do you remember the old French motto, 'Noblesse oblige'?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, eagerly, "and it always brings before me a picture of the old noblesse—the lovely women in the country châteaux ministering to the poor, doing all sorts of good, and bearing themselves bravely under misfortune, because their noble birth *obliged* them to do noble deeds. I think it is beautiful."

"It *would* be beautiful, wouldn't it, Portia, if we could all remember it when we have to choose between higher and lower things?"

One needs only to suggest an idea to Portia; she grasps it and makes it her own at once.

"Oh," she said, with kindling eyes, her voice low and earnest, "because I am a child of the King I must be too proud to be selfish or frivolous. If I am really and truly of the noblesse, it will be impossible for me to put anything but the best and highest things first, and let others come in in their places. And the highest are the duties to the King himself."

With that she kissed me good-by and went away.

There was no doubt in my mind that she was "really and truly of the noblesse," and she made me see how it was possible for all of us to write the old legend on our hearts, until in all our work and play we shall remember that we are children of the King. Then, holding our heads high enough to breathe the atmosphere of truth and see above the mists of worldliness, we shall choose for our life-work what will make us most useful and helpful, and guide our pleasure with unselfish hearts; not because we owe it to ourselves or to society, but because "Noblesse oblige."

A Home Apparatus

Sterilized milk, in the minds of most people, is milk so treated as to be of peculiar value to infants and delicate children. Sterilized milk is valuable for all household purposes for which milk is used. Housekeepers who economize are careful about the ice-bills. In cities and large towns meat can be brought from the butcher's just in time for cooking, and other marketing can be kept down to the point of absolute necessities; but milk, like water, must be always on hand. To keep milk fresh and sweet, even with large refrigerators, in extremely hot weather becomes a problem, and often a vexatious one. The United States Government has become the servant of the household by experimenting until a convenient and cheap apparatus for the sterilization of milk has been found. It consists of a three-gallon tin pail, in the bottom of which is placed, upside down, a tin pie-plate—perforated. On this are placed small glass bottles in which is the milk, a little more than

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half filling the jars. The mouth of the jar is closed with cotton wadding. The six jars, and one quart jar, if needed, can be put in the tin pail, with cold water about one inch above the milk, or a little more. The cover is placed tightly on the pail, and it is placed over the fire to heat slowly until it has reached 155 degrees. Before placing on the fire, a dairy thermometer is floated on the water. When the right temperature is reached, the pail is taken from the fire, and the water cooled gradually until it has reached the temperature of the room, when the milk-jars are removed, and set aside until needed.

The whole apparatus will cost about one dollar.

The first essential is absolute cleanliness. The jars must be scalded thoroughly before the milk is put in, and the cotton must be placed at once in the mouth of the jars, and kept in until the milk is used.

The whole theory of sterilization is death to disease, and every precaution must be taken to keep the jars free from germs that may be floating about.

Milk sterilized will keep a week. The wisdom of using small jars is that small quantities of milk can be used at once, and the jar scalded out. It is not wise to use small quantities from large bottles, for, even with care in the act of pouring, the dangerous element might be introduced.

The Offering

By Mary F. Butts

O love, if thou be mine, no rose I need,
No moon-white lily stately on its stem,
No wreath of pansies like a diadem.
I shall be rich in my own right indeed,
May to the altar swiftly bring my meed,
Exceeding any pure, sun-smitten gem,
Of wondrous wealth the glittering emblem.
For love hath in itself the subtle seed
Of every good the universe doth hold.
By love the worlds were builded silently,
The caverns lined with flakes of yellow gold,
Pearls hidden in the bosom of the sea.
If love be mine, O then my offering may
Be meet for Him who maketh Easter Day.

Child-Study

Among the many important results of the educational work of the Chicago Fair, there is none more far-reaching than that of the Congress of Experimental Psychology as applied to education. This Congress was organized to bring together those interested in true education for the exchange of views. The outgrowth of that Congress is the American Association for the Study of Children. The object of this Association is just what its name indicates, the scientific study of children. The organization has the usual complement of officers, and a membership fee of two dollars per year. The National Association will assist in establishing local chapters, and, with rare good judgment, it has decided to receive as adjuncts any local associations having the same object in view. The Secretary and Treasurer of the Association is Mr. J. H. Orpha, of the Educational Department of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. It is impossible, in our limited space, to give the syllabus of the detailed work which the members of the Association are to take up. The physical growth of the child is the first and one of the most important records to be kept. The syllabus of the Association gives the correct way to take weights and measurements. It also gives tests to discover physical disabilities that often pass unnoticed until they have gone beyond the point of remedy; tests of strength, rapidity of motion, language, and tests for the senses. Probably one of the most vitally important of the subjects given for close observation of a child is that of the feelings and emotions. There is more suffering on the part of little children because of the absolute blindness of parents to their emotions than has ever been endured from physical disability, and many a child has developed into an abnormal man or woman who might have developed normally had he or she been wisely studied. Defective and exceptional children are to the student of children what the abnormal plant is to the botanist; they offer peculiar opportunities for growth and observation. Special literature is provided by the Association to aid in the training of either precocious children or children of defective minds. It is unnecessary to say that for the members of the local associations, as well as of the National, exactness in observation is imperative, and it is advised that, instead of one person trying to cover the whole field, each teacher or parent who joins the Association should select one or more topics and correspond with an expert on that special topic. Of course, he will, if he is wise, select his subject because it has some special relation to his own child or children. The circular issued by the Association cautions against the movement being considered a "cause." What is wanted is scientific work. A list of books is recommended by the officers of the Association. Among them are: "Mental Development in the Child" (D. Appleton & Co., New York), translated from the German, and a summary of questions studied for the first three or four years of a child's life, covering a wide experience; "The Psychology of Childhood" (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston); "Child-Study the Basis of Exact Education," by G. Stanley Hall, printed in the "Forum" of December, 1893, which is a summary of Dr. Hall's wide observation and close study of child-nature; "The Contents of Children's Minds," a pamphlet printed by E. L. Kellogg & Co., of New York, written by Dr. Hall; of "The Pedagogical Seminary" two volumes are just out, which are devoted to articles and digests on child-study.

That Dollar

By Mary Allaire

The fields on either side of the road were dotted with stars and bunches of white flowers that it seemed impossible to believe were Easter lilies, there were so many of them; thousands of lilies in bud and blossom. Two colored children trotting along the road paid not the least attention to them. They had just come from the old house that was almost hidden in the woods at the further end of the fields on the right. They looked curiously at the strangers in a carriage that was going slowly along, but no one glanced at them, so entranced were the strangers by the first glimpse of a field of Easter lilies.

"Mamma! are they really Easter lilies—nothing but Easter lilies?" exclaimed the little girl sitting on the seat beside her mother.

"Yes, dear; all Easter lilies."

It seemed almost like a dream to these Northern people, who had left snow and ice at their own homes, to see so soon this land of sunshine and flowers. Roses and lilies were blooming out-of-doors on every side. It was more than spring—it was summer. The two little colored children, who looked like two animated statues of bronze, trotted on down the road, somewhat disturbed because their nod had not been returned. For on this beautiful island, lying on the blue waters of the Atlantic like an emerald, every inhabitant is a host or hostess, and every stranger is greeted with a bow and smile. Their courtesy is returned almost always, but once in a while they do not receive acknowledgment, and then they are hurt. Rose and Billy trotted on.

"Dem folks make lots fuss 'bout lilies; guess 'em haven't seen 'em much," said Billy.

Rose did not answer; she was thinking of the pretty red hat and cloak the little girl had on. Her dun-colored dress, which had been originally black, and her black straw hat, with its wrinkled band of black ribbon, did not resemble at all the hat of her dreams, which was to be bought when

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she was big enough to go into the fields and weed the lilies and pick them. Billy and Rose often talked over these times when the old house would have the roof mended and the fences would be built, so that the stray dogs and cattle could not get into their lily bed and destroy the lilies so that Mammy never had any that the Northern folks would buy, or that could be sent North on the steamer. Sometimes when the children went down to the town on steamer-days, and saw all the crowds, and the boxes and barrels being put on board, they thought the proudest day of their lives would be when they saw their box of lilies trucked on board for that land of gold—New York. Billy looked to the day, still further away, when he should be able to push the heaviest truck load up the gang-plank, and perhaps on it would be the boxes of lilies his mother would send North for the Easter season. Billy was several inches taller when he thought of this possibility. Rose and he were on their way to town now to buy a quarter of a pound of tobacco for Granny. It was steamer-day, and they hurried as the wagons with their sweet-scented loads went by.

"Tell yer, Rose, dem Northern folks is queer. Dey act like dey own de whole 'arth when dey comes here."

"Dey does own a lot," answered Rose, simply. "It costs a pile of money to come down here, and, my, the hotels!" and language failed Rose; she rolled the whites of her eyes to express her opinion of what it cost to live at the hotels.

Another carriage passed them. On the seat with the driver was a young man in a white flannel suit, and on the back seat were an old lady and gentleman who smiled like old friends at the two pretty children, while the young man removed his hat and bowed low.

His smile was so full of fun that both children laughed outright, and a quarter somehow came shining through the air and fell on Billy's bare toe that had pushed its way through his shoe.

Billy took off his cap and waved it at the young man, who stood up watching them over the back of the carriage.

"My, but he's fine!" was Billy's comment as he gave Rose the quarter. "We'll get some candy," he added, confidently; but Rose looked at him, and Billy understood that for the present candy was not among the possibilities.

They were in sight of the park back of the hotel, where the band played, and Billy forgot the candy watching the crowds—boys playing tag, boys standing on their heads, and walking on their hands, and jumping over each other in a game of leap-frog. Tugs-of-war added to the excitement, and Billy and Rose saw how many pennies these Northern people were throwing on the grass for impromptu circus-performers.

"If ye was only a boy, Rose," commented Billy, "we could do all dem t'ings, and get a lot of pennies."

Rose had heard this comment so often that she never replied to it now, not even by a look. She thought she could earn money before Billy could, for she was older, but she knew she would not talk to Billy about it when the time came. The children loitered across the park, but no one noticed them. Hand in hand they walked, leaving the gay crowd and the music behind them, and hurried down to the main street by the short cut past the stables.

They came out on the main street, and there, close to the corner, was a beautiful bunch of lilies in bud. Rose picked them up with a glad cry. "See, Billy; perhaps we can sell them."

Billy's eyes grew brighter, if that were possible. "Sell 'em! Get money!"

It was evident at once that Billy's admiration for Rose was greatly increased.

Where could they sell them? became the next important question. By this time they could see the front of the hotel. Gay troops of people were walking up and down the piazza; nurses and children were on the lawn. It would be impossible to go up among all those people. Rose knew that she never could find her voice if she tried to speak before so many. Suddenly the vision of all the money she could take home to the old house faded away, but the lilies seemed to open faster and faster, and—was it Rose's imagination?—it seemed to her they were whiter than any she had ever seen.

Billy did not feel that he could advise Rose. When she looked as she did now, she made him think of Mammy, and the way she looked when the rent was not paid; and then Billy remembered that Mammy had looked just that way for some days now. Could it be! Surely, that was it, and Rose knew and had not told him.

"Billy, let us sit on de big stone by de gate, and when de carriages pass I will hol' up de flow's; perhaps somebody will buy 'em."

With many misgivings and with doubts as to their right to take this seat, the two children sat down on the big stone at the gate. Before long the first carriage came and rolled in; the lady with the pretty white parasol hardly glanced at them. This was very discouraging, and Rose would have given up at once were it not that Billy looked so confidently at her, showing that he had faith in her ability. The next carriage to pass in was the one with the little girl with the red cloak and hat. Rose was so lost in admiration that if it had not been for Billy she would have forgotten to hold up the lilies.

"Oh, mamma! see the nice little girl with the flowers for sale," and the little girl stood up in her excitement.

"How much are they, little girl?" asked the lady.

"I do'no," answered Rose, greatly embarrassed.

"Well, how shall we be able to buy, then?"

"Two cen's," broke in Billy, in great anxiety.

The lady opened her purse and gave Rose two cents, taking the lilies with a smile.

"I shall look for you to-morrow," said the lady, as they drove up the hill.

Billy looked at Rose, and they walked down the street, each wondering how they could get lilies for to-morrow.

The boxes were being rolled aboard the steamer, and the air was heavy with the odor of the lilies.

"I wish we could git some in time for the steamer to send to the church at home," and Billy and Rose saw standing beside them the young man in the tennis suit and the dear old lady.

Billy looked at Rose, but she did not notice him. Just then the young man saw Billy, and snatched his cap off his head. Billy grinned as he grabbed for his cap, and the young man put it on his shoulder. Billy could have reached it as easily if it had been put on top of the smoke-stack. "Get my grandmother some lilies to-morrow, and I'll give you your cap," said the young man.

"I can't," murmured Billy, still grinning.

"What is the use of living in Bermuda if you don't have Easter lilies at the right time? Lilies, lilies everywhere, and you have to buy a box! I only want a dozen."

Billy looked winningly into the young man's face, but said nothing. Finally he asked, with an embarrassed smile, "Whar' you live?"

"At the hotel. You come with the lilies to-morrow morning, and I shall see you."

Rose looked puzzled and interested, for the young man seemed to think it was a bargain, and walked away, after giving Billy his cap.

"Billy, ye can't git none. What for you act like dat?"

"I goin' to git 'em," was the unreasonable response of Billy as he walked off.

The next morning, before it was light, a little ragged boy was creeping along on the ground outside the fence around the lily-field near the old gray house. Carefully he moved, listening at every sound. When the bugle sounded from the fort, Billy—for it was Billy—fell flat on his face. As no redcoats appeared, Billy began moving again until he reached the bars. Then he listened and looked intently. There was no sound, and he crept through, reaching out and pulling nervously at the lilies nearest the bars until he had pulled fifty. He could not hold them, but laid them on the ground. He pulled a string from his pocket and tied their stems together clumsily, and crept slowly back until he was in the edge of the woods, when he rose and ran through the woods and across lots until he came to the further road from his own home. Looking about, Billy walked and ran until he had reached the hotel, when he

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sat down on the stone and waited for the young man, who came whistling down the driveway.

"Hullo, florist!" was his salute. "Got a whole field?" he continued, as he put his hand in his pocket. "How much?"

"Ten cents," said Billy, looking more anxious every minute.

"You'll ruin the trade, young man, if you cut prices like that;" and the young man handed Billy a crisp new dollar bill.

"I don' have change," said Billy, growing quite red under his bronze skin.

"Don't need any; we're square," said the young man. "You got just what I wanted." And, whistling carelessly, he walked away, carrying the lilies.

Billy hurried along the road, and tried to look indifferent as he walked, but every footfall made him more nervous, and he would break into a little trot. At last he reached home.

"For de lan' sake, boy, where you been?" asked his mother.

"Been walkin'."

His mother looked at him suspiciously.

"Walkin'? You ben in mischief, you boy. I know you."

Billy tried to look innocent, but he could not.

Rose said: "You has, Billy. I jest knows you has."

But Billy refused to answer, and pretended to eat his breakfast.

"I jest wish, Granny, I could make dat oder dollar," said Billy's mother to his grandmother, a crooked little old lady with a cheery smile.

"It am all right, honey; it am all right. De dollar surely come."

How heavy that dollar was in Billy's pocket! yet he dared not take it out.

Rose and Billy started for school, but when nearly there Billy said he must go home.

"You sick, Billy?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Yes—no," said Billy, and he turned and walked toward home.

"I jest don' know what de matter wid him," and Rose looked like a troubled old lady with her forehead all wrinkled.

Billy hurried along, and soon reached home.

"Mammy, I foun' dis," he said, hurriedly, as he walked into the house.

"Law, chile, whar'?" and Mrs. Johnson was in a quiver of excitement.

"On—on—de road."

"Somebody from de hotel. He be roun' lookin' for it bimeby," and Mrs. Johnson continued sweeping after she had put the dollar bill under the lamp on the table.

"You run to school, chile."

"Not now, Mammy; I too late."

Mrs. Johnson paid no attention, but went on with her work.

"One day's work, Granny, would do it. Does seem as if I ought to have it."

"You could tak dat dollar," said Billy, pointing to the dollar on the table.

"Use dat dollar, chile, and be a t'ief!" and his mother turned with blazing eyes on Billy.

"Thief!" Billy seemed to grow smaller. Thief! why, that was what he was. Billy hurried outdoors, but when he caught sight of two soldiers in their red coats he slunk behind the house and crouched down. "Thief!" why, the very wind seemed to say it. Just then the owner of the lily-fields came in sight, and Billy nearly fainted. Where could he hide? The man came up the road with a frown on his face, and turned toward the house. Billy almost felt himself in the grasp of the soldiers. He crouched further down, but he felt himself a giant in size; there was no place large enough to hide him.

Billy heard the voices, but that was all. Would they put him in prison for twenty years? Would it be forty?

"Bil-l-e-e!" sang out through the air. Billy sank in a heap. "Bil-l-e-e! Yer know yer hear me. Come right in."

Billy dragged himself toward the house.

"You sick, Billy?"

The man had not told, and Billy felt new strength come into his legs.

"Billy, Mr. Storm say we can help him pick de lilies right now; he give us dollar and half day. Granny mine de house, and we go."

Mrs. Johnson was tying on a big straw hat. Billy forgot everything. Poor Billy!

How he worked! Mr. Storm said Billy picked as much as a man, and was very careful. All day, row after row yielded to Billy's careful hands.

That night, when the house was still, Billy crept toward the table from his bed on the floor and grasped the dollar, hiding it in the crown of his hat. When daylight came, Billy was on the road to the hotel. He waited and waited, but the young man did not come. Slowly Billy dragged himself back, and surprised his mother and Rose by crying when he got home. Rose cried in sympathy, but Billy said nothing was the matter.

"You tired, you work so hard yest'day. You go school to-day," said his mother.

"No! no! Mammy," and Billy was so earnest that Mrs. Johnson said nothing, but resolved he should work only half a day. Yet both children worked beside their mother all day, and when she came home her face was radiant, for she had the money for the rent, and two dollars and a half toward next month's rent, and more work promised.

Billy could not eat, but wandered down the road determined to bury the dollar bill; it seemed to burn into his heart.

The sound of horses' hoofs made him look up. Could it be? Yes, it was the young man.

"Oh! stop, please stop," said Billy, in tones so distressed that the young man, who was alone, stopped at once.

"Well, sir, more flowers for sale? Those were beauties!"

"Har!" and Billy, in great excitement, put into the young man's hands the dollar he had taken from the lining of his hat.

"Why—"

"I stole 'em," said Billy; "I is a t'ief. I stole de Easter lilies."

The young man was on the ground beside Billy. The story was soon told: the unpaid rent and the troubled mother.

"Billy, we will see Mr. Storm."

Billy shrank in terror. "No! no!"

"I've had his flowers, and he ought to be paid; don't you think so, Billy?"

Billy nodded; he could not speak. "Well, think about it, and I'll ride out to see you to-morrow. Keep the dollar."

Billy, Rose, and the mother worked all day again, and just as they were leaving the field Billy's friend came in sight. He whistled, and Billy stopped.

"Well, Billy, have you decided?"

"There is Mr. Storm, now!" and Billy darted across the field. Before Billy reached Mr. Storm his hat was off, and he thrust the dollar in Mr. Storm's hand. How he trembled as he talked! He could not see Mr. Storm's face, his tears fell so fast.

Mr. Storm said nothing, but put Billy's hat back on his head and patted his shoulder.

"Billy, I think you are going to be an Easter-time soldier. Will you work to-morrow?"

Mr. Storm put the dollar in his pocket, and Billy knew he was not a thief.

He flew over the fields (waving his hat at his friend, who stood beside his horse) toward home, where he kissed his mother so often that she went into the bedroom to hide the glad tears. Granny, looking out the door, said:

"Dis Easter a better time dan las' Easter; de church done, de ren' paid."

"To-day better dan yes'day," said Billy, sitting with Rose on the steps; but no one understood him, not even Rose, who held in her hand the new quarter and the two cents that were going in the Easter-box.

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For the Little People

The Daughter of a Knight

Of course he does not wear armor, but just ordinary coats that fit well; and he does not wear a helmet, and you are glad, for it would be very sad to have his expression of good-fellowship hidden away. Think how you would feel to have your father's face hidden under a helmet! Why, I do not believe you really like to have your mother wear a veil. This knight just wears ordinary clothes, but they are always brushed. Somehow, you feel, when you see him, as if he reverenced the strong, sound body that God had given him, and was glad to take care of it, respect it, use it well, that it might be a good house to live in as long as he needed it. And you know that he is a true knight when you look at him, for he looks as if he hated lying, and meanness, and bad temper, and unkindness, and hard-heartedness. And you know that to hear a baby cry and not try to help it would be impossible for this knight; that he would see the old lady crossing the street, and would hurry to help her; that he would help the small boy mend his kite, or fix his wagon, or find his ball, and after he found the ball you would expect him to give it a toss with a laugh that would make the little owner of the ball forget he had lost it even for a minute—it would just be part of the game. You may be sure that such a knight would be a lovely father to have. The little daughter of this knight is just like a little sunbeam. All the lonely folks, and feeble folks, and old folks, and a good many naughty folks, think it one of the most lovely opportunities of their lives that this little daughter of a knight is their friend; that she can call them by name, and that she will greet them as friends. They feel sorry for all the folks in the world who do not know her, and cannot ring the bell and hear her sweet "Good-morning;" who do not know her dolls, and cannot see the beautiful statues she makes from blocks. The darkest, stormiest day is a lovely day to her, because her heart is so full of love. There is so much love in her home that perhaps it is always sunshine there. For you may be sure that so true a knight would choose as true a lady to live in his castle and be the mother of the little knights and ladies who would come to live in it.

Our little daughter of a knight had one trial in her life, one thing that blotted out the sunshine for a little time. She did not like cold water, and the knight and his lady were made very unhappy by her tears. But one day the knight told his little daughter of all the brave knights of King Arthur's time; how they fought against evil, how they tried to be true and brave—true and brave in the little things of life.

"Did they cry when they had their faces washed in cold water?" the little daughter asked, with her lovely blue eyes all filled with tears.

"No. Oh, no!" said the knight; and the little daughter was still.

She wanted to be like the knights, brave and true, but cold water was very disagreeable.

Then this knight said: "I will give you a badge which you shall wear whenever you do not cry because you are washed with cold water. If you cry, you cannot wear the badge for that day. You shall be the daughter of a knight, and the badge will be the sign."

"I want to be the little daughter of a knight, and I shall not cry when my face is washed with cold water."

And almost every day now on the little daughter's white dress is the red badge with the Greek cross. And sweetly she looks down at it when you notice it, saying: "Knights do not cry when their faces are washed with cold water. They are brave." And the badge each day is helping to make this little daughter of a knight truer and braver.

❀

A Little Lonesome

When we buy canary-birds in the bird-stores and take them home, we ought to remember that the little birds have a number of friends, and that when we take them all alone to our homes we should be very careful of them and be very friendly with them at first. We ought to talk to them, and sing, if we know how, in the room with them, and whistle, so that they will not feel lonely. I know one little bird whose mistress used to play the piano; she went to Europe and left him in care of a friend who had no piano, and the little fellow drooped and drooped, until one day the lady bought an autoharp. The moment the little bird heard it he brightened up, and gave the first chirp that he had given in weeks. After that every day the autoharp was taken into the room with the bird and played for a little while. The moment he heard it he began to sing, and in a few weeks he was the same bright, happy, active bird that he had been before his mistress went to Europe. A gentleman in St. Louis has told the following story, which was published in a St. Louis paper: "Not long ago my wife purchased a canary at a bird-store. It had been accustomed to companions of its kind at the store, but at our house it was entirely alone. The pretty little songster was evidently homesick. It would not sing, it would not eat, but just drooped and seemed to be pining away. We talked to it, and tried by every means in our power to cheer the bird up, but all in vain. My wife was on the point of carrying the bird back to the store, when one day a friend said: 'Give him a piece of looking-glass.' Acting on this suggestion, she tied a piece of a broken mirror about the size of a man's hand on the outside of the cage. The little fellow hopped down from his perch almost immediately, and, going up close, looked in, seeming delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing all the pretty airs he was master of. He never was homesick after that. He spends most of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down as close to the glass as he can, thinking, very likely, that he is getting near to the pretty bird he sees so often."

❀

Not a Palace-Car

A tramp in Nevada rode for twenty-four hours in a car with wild steers. He says that the animals were quiet, that sometimes he sat on their backs, and when he got cold stood on the floor between them until he was warm again; he could have made the journey to New York had it not been for hunger and thirst, he told the train-hands when they freed him from the car.

❀

She was Thinking

Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth recently told a story, that was very funny, about Forefathers' Day in a Massachusetts village. He said that "It was customary in those days to ride horseback to church. A lady who used to write books used to ride with her father, on a pillion behind him, on the same horse. It happened one Sunday on the way to church she fell off, pillion and all. He did not notice it, nor, indeed, miss her until at the church steps he would have helped her alight. Alarmed, he rode rapidly back, afraid she must have been seriously hurt not to have called to him when she fell. And do you know," went on Mr. Butterworth, laughing heartily, "do you know he found her seated on the pillion in the middle of the dusty path, and until he came up to her she was totally oblivious to the fact that she was not seated as usual behind her father on the old horse on the way for church! That's one of the worst instances of absent-mindedness I ever heard. I suppose Hannah was busy writing another book in her mind while sitting there on the pillion in the dust."

❀

Puzzles

Syncopations

By Miss J. Shute

I.

Example.—Syncopate (take out the middle letter) a kind of vehicle, and leave domestic animals: *Ans.* Carts—cats.

1. Syncopate an animal, and leave superlatively good.
2. Syncopate mad, and leave a sudden attack.
3. Syncopate money, and leave to attract.
4. Syncopate to elude, and leave an ancient Venetian dignitary.
5. Syncopate an evil spirit, and leave to discover.
6. Syncopate not suitable, and leave a single one.
7. Syncopate royal, and leave something actual.
8. Syncopate an artist's material, and leave to gasp.
9. Syncopate weapons, and leave some Yankee dainties.
10. Syncopate an evergreen, and leave sinless.

II.

Fill the blanks with words which sound alike, but are spelled differently.

1. I —— hither, and here will I ——.
2. Can —— see that old —— under the —— tree?
3. Do you think that —— in the water will be able to reach the ——?

Fish to Fry

By M. E. Saffold

The name of a fish answers each puzzle.

1. A musical instrument which contains a consonant, and a strong drink.
2. The name of an English poet which contains the pet name of a bird, and a fastening.
3. A woman's head-dress which contains the highest point, and a protuberance.
4. A wind-machine which contains a girl's name, and the sound made by an animal.
5. A popular amusement which contains a consonant, and a girl's name.
6. A simpleton which contains a consonant, and to soften.
7. A ball which contains a consonant, and a part of the ear.
8. A boy's name, a personal pronoun, and a conjunction.
9. Absence of color, and a lure.
10. One who whips a parent.
11. Form of the verb "to have," and a place for ships.
12. Part of the ocean, and a small animal.
13. Personal pronoun, and a hand ornament.
14. To find fault.
15. A dog.
16. Master of a vessel.
17. A fisherman.
18. A heavenly body.
19. A painful ailment.
20. A musical instrument which is also a tube, a cask, and an exchequer.

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Jacob's Prevailing Prayer [1]

By Lyman Abbott

The wrestling of Jacob with the Unknown has always been a perplexity to Bible students. How are we to understand it? The very title given by the International Committee to the Scripture Lesson—"Jacob's Prevailing Prayer"—shows that they give to it a figurative meaning. Even those scholars who regard the Book of Genesis as inerrant and infallible history, and who are therefore compelled to believe that Jehovah did descend to earth in human form and engage in an actual all-night wrestling-match with Jacob, practically lay no stress on the physical fact. To one class of critics the narrative is history, but the fact is of value only as it is an emblem of a spiritual struggle; to the other the same spiritual struggle is emblematically represented by the figure of a physical wrestling. The difference between the two is clearly not so important as we have sometimes been led to imagine.

For myself, I regard this story as literature, not as history. It is true that a sharp line cannot be drawn between the two. In the early age of the race, as of the individual, imagination and memory, fancy and fact, are not clearly discriminated. On the one hand, all early imaginative literature has some historical basis. The imagination has not yet become truly creative. On the other hand, all history is not only embellished by the imagination, but the imagination is freely used to make realistic and vivid the accounts of historic events. They are narrated as the writer imagines them to have occurred. Thus, in substantially all ancient histories speeches are put by the writer into the mouths of his characters—speeches which are neither mere fancy sketches on the one hand, nor verbatim reports of the actual address on the other; but reports of real address put for the sake of vividness in the *oratio directa* by the reporter, the ideas belonging to the speaker, the form to the historian. I suppose the stories in Genesis to be literature rather than history, in this sense, that in them we have the unknown author's narrative, in a free manner, and with the perfectly honest and perhaps even unconscious use of his imagination, of events the accounts of which had been handed down from earlier ages by oral tradition, and the exact historical character of which it is impossible for us now to ascertain.

But then it is not important for us to ascertain their historical value. For their real worth lies in the *truth* which they convey, not in the *facts* which they narrate.

Accounts of struggles of the mortals with the immortals are common in ancient literature. Of course we do not believe these stories to be literally true—unless we meet them in Hebrew literature, when some readers give them an interpretation which they do not give to similar narratives in other literatures. It does not follow, however, that we are to thrust them aside cavalierly, as though they were of no value, and belonged in the waste-basket. The imagination is also a vehicle for the conveyance of truth; and such stories, whatever we may think of their historical value, are worthy of our study because they portray, in imaginary forms, real experiences.

Such narratives sometimes represent, symbolically, man's struggle with nature. Thus in the ancient Indian legends, as reported in Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Kabibonokka, the fierce North Wind,

> Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,
> From his home among the icebergs,

and finds Shingebis, the diver, lingering in the north, and resolves to drive him away.

> I will go into his wigwam,
> I will put his smoldering fire out!
> And at night Kabibonokka
> To the lodge came, wild and wailing,
> Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
> Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
> Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
> Flapped the curtain of the doorway.

But Shingebis is too much for him, and he retreats defeated, while Shingebis remains comfortable and victorious by his roaring fire.

It is clear that no such struggle with nature is indicated by the narrative of the wrestling by the ford Jabbok.[1]

The other experience suggested by these narratives in ancient literature of struggles of the mortals with the immortals is that of spiritual conflict, from which the soul either issues defeated and despairing or victorious and strengthened. Such a conflict, issuing in defeat, is symbolically portrayed by Eve's colloquy with the Serpent in the Garden; another, issuing in victory, is represented by Christ's temptation in the wilderness. These are, it is true, neither of them struggles with God; but they are struggles with supernal beings. More analogous is the strange but significant story of Moses's interview with Jehovah at the Burning Bush, where the struggle is with God, and from which Moses issues victorious because submissive to the divine command.

We certainly mistake if we interpret this struggle, as it has sometimes been interpreted, to be a wrestling in prayer with a God hard to be entreated. There is nothing in the narrative here to justify such an interpretation, and little or nothing in any other passage of Scripture to warrant it. The parable of the Unjust Judge, for example, in Luke xviii., 1–8, does not represent God by the Unjust Judge, who answered only because he dreaded the widow's importunity. The argument is, If even such a judge will hear and answer a petition, how much more your just and compassionate heavenly Father will hear and answer his children. The argument is not from analogy, but from contrast. But there is a real experience represented by wrestling even with God. It is perhaps best illustrated by such passages as are portrayed in Psalms xlii. and xliii., or in Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, chap. iii., 7–14.

We are quite familiar with the fact that physical strength can be conferred only by struggle. The gymnastic teacher wrestles or boxes or fences with his pupil, in order to confer power upon his pupil. Similarly, in the intellectual realm, the teacher does not give his pupil knowledge, translate his hard passages, answer straightway his questions in philosophy. On the contrary, he subjects him to what is known as a "quiz," examines and cross-examines him, debates with him, presents objections to his views, and compels his answers. Out of this intellectual exercise the intellect issues strengthened for its work and life. In a similar manner, God does not give his grace too easily; I might perhaps say cannot give it easily. Spiritual power from God comes by wrestling with God; not because he is unwilling to give, but because wrestling is the method by which he gives. The moral endeavor to penetrate the secret of God's existence, character, and government, does itself confer moral power on the soul. An easy religion is a comparatively useless religion. A perfectly simple creed is a superficial creed. An experience which costs nothing to acquire is not worth much more than its cost. God no more gives something for nothing in the spiritual than in the intellectual and the material realm. We get his grace by striving for it; for our striving is his method of giving. He gives freely, but not to the careless and indifferent; he gives to those that ask, that seek, that knock; and in proportion to the earnestness of their quest. The Holy Grail is not a common cup which we may pick up anywhere. We find it only as we fathom it by our own endeavor.

QUESTIONS

Tell briefly the story of Jacob's life since the last lesson about him. Was Jacob's fear unreasonable? Was his precaution honorable? Compare this prayer of Jacob's with that in the last lesson, and draw lessons from the contrast. Is there anything in the New Testament which throws light on wrestling in prayer? Why did Jacob prevail with God?

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for April 1, 1894.—Gen. xxxii., 9–12, 24–30.

[1] Though this apparently is the meaning which "The Bible for Learners" imparts to the incident. But it gives no reason for so strained an interpretation.

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Books and Authors

The Plymouth Hymnal[1]

By the Rev. Edward Dickinson[2]

The Plymouth Hymnal indicates an advance along the line of both musical and spiritual culture in American religious life. Ever since the publication of the hymns of the Taborites of Bohemia, in 1504, every great revival of religious earnestness has produced some book of sacred song, which has fanned into a more vivid flame the enthusiasm out of which it sprang. The significance of such productions is that they do not express the intellectual conceptions of the theologians, but the spiritual consciousness of the people. These songs reveal the underlying forces which were at work in those movements, and therefore are of especial value to the student of those events. The Lutheran hymn-books, the Marot-Bèze Psalter, the Sternhold and Hopkins Psalms, the Wesleyan hymns, even the Plymouth Collection and the Gospel Hymns—to choose from many examples—were not made for the gratification of an individual æsthetic taste, but were the response to new needs and the fruit of new occasions.

The new Plymouth Hymnal is not, perhaps, so distinctly the sign of an epoch as were those notable collections, yet no one who studies the trend of religious thought of the present can fail to see a broadening and uplifting process at work, hardly less rapid and significant than the great religious awakenings of the past. This movement has its lyric as well as its logical expression, and, although the Plymouth Hymnal does not profess to stand for any system, its catholicity and insistence upon the essential unity of all schools in respect to the consciousness of the need of God in the soul will make the book one of the landmarks in the religious history of the time. The editor has been animated in his selection of hymns by the same fine instinct which guided Mr. Beecher in its predecessor, the Plymouth Collection. He has considered widely diverse needs, he has gathered together the most inward and fervent expressions of Christian experience, he has recognized the calls of the "great humanities which the Gospel develops," he has taken no notice of boundaries of system or sect; he has found in Romanist, Calvinist, Quaker, Arminian, Unitarian, even in extra-Christian sources, as in Goethe, tender expression of the love, hope, and faith which are the universal substance of religious poesy. The result is an anthology of sacred poetry which will be to many readers a revelation of the incomparable riches of the English language in this field. Every one will, of course, miss some favorite poem—this is inevitable; but there are very few the absence of which will be generally observed. But why could we not have an index of authors? Surely this is a serious omission in a book whose importance is not least on its poetic side. The lover of Whittier or Newman or Keble or Cowper must read laboriously through the book to find what has been included of his favorites. It is to be hoped that a second edition will supply this deficiency.

The tunes of the Hymnal will, in the very nature of the case, call for the more searching criticism. The book is, of course, full of gems, both old and recent, making its strongest appeal to favor by virtue of the new melodies and by its setting of new music to familiar hymns. It is in this latter particular that the editors have made their most radical innovations. The aim has evidently been to enlarge the congregational *répertoire* without cleaving too many old associations. Approval or disapproval of the extent to which this has been carried will depend upon temperament, musical taste and ability, and many other conditions. The editors have been bold, and wherever the book penetrates it will broaden and elevate the musical usages of the churches. The congregation that rises to this opportunity will honor and strengthen its service.

Most of the unfamiliar tunes are drawn from the present school of church writers of England. There are also a few from the promising young generation of American musicians. The German chorale has been but casually touched, and wisely so, although no hymnal should be without the melody of "Nun ruhen alle Wälder," by Isaac—a tune not less famous in Germany and even more beautiful than Hassler's "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," which is included. The impressive Gloria of the Dresden Court Chapel, used by Wagner as the Grail motive in "Parsifal," appears for the first time, I think, in an American hymn-book. The strength of the Hymnal in respect to its new features is in the tunes of the later English writers, such as Barnby, Smart, Sullivan, Dykes, Tours, Hopkins, Stainer, and others. These men have added a new dignity to congregational song, and the growing favor of their works has done more than almost any other cause to elevate congregational music in both countries. But certain other of the English tunes must come under the reproach of uninteresting melody and sophisticated harmony. A congregational tune should be attractive in melody and decided in rhythm; its harmony may be rich and fluent to any degree, but it must seem to grow naturally out of the melody. The excellent law that the soprano part in a congregational tune should not go above E is not often transgressed, but a tune like No. 351, which runs to F sharp, and No. 31, with two half-note F's in succession, should have been transposed.

The contributions by American composers are not, on the whole, striking. Some of the best are by Mr. Morse. One of the treasures of the volume is his setting of Phillips Brooks's exquisite Christmas carol, "O Little Town of Bethlehem!" These elect words certainly inspired Mr. Morse; his music is worthy of them, and no higher praise could be given. Here is indeed a case where "music and sweet poetry agree."

This strict criterion—the agreement of words and melody—can in most cases be safely applied to the selections in this hymnal. There are some exceptions, as might be expected in so large a collection—a few obvious and difficult to account for. One such case is that of the beautiful Arabian air, No. 536. The words are ecstatic, and seem to demand the thunders of a Handelian chorus; the tune is a languid, homesick strain, which might have been murmured by some lorn Arab maid pensively touching her lute upon alien shores. Weber would have been glad of this tune for his "Oberon." Whittier's noble hymn, No. 271, does not find here a worthy partnership. On the other hand, there are many matches that were made in heaven. Witness Nos. 233, 419 (second setting), and many more. The editor's rule of admitting no tune of secular origin is an admirable one, but does he know that "Seymour" is made of phrases in the fairy chorus in the first act of "Oberon"? The tune from Beethoven's septet, No. 117, suggests a dance a little too plainly, and that from the Ninth Symphony seems out of character, and, at any rate, does not suit the words.

It would probably be impossible to construct a hymn-book which would not present a flaw here and there to a fastidious critic who goes over it with a microscope. The enumeration of defects in the present instance would fill but little space; a complete summary of merits would occupy many columns. Dr. Holmes says that a man's breeding shows nowhere so plainly as in his religion. The pervading trait of this hymnal is its high-bred, refined, and lofty tone. Wide learning, acute literary and musical discrimination, and a sympathetic insight into the needs of the soul, have combined to make this volume a joy unfailing to every believing and aspiring heart. The strong uplift in the standards of sacred music which is seizing upon all our churches everywhere will find a timely and potent ally in this beautiful volume. But its mission will not be confined to the sanctuary; it will carry its benign influence into the devotional moments of the adoring soul in the privacy of intimate communion with his Maker. Such a book is an evangel; it lends a new appealing power to divine things by revealing their ineffable beauty.

[1] *The Plymouth Hymnal.* Edited by Lyman Abbott, with the co-operation of Charles H. Morse and Herbert Vaughan Abbott. The Outlook Company, New York. $1.75.

[2] Of the Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, O.

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Darwinianism[1]

Many books already exist which demolish Darwin's work and theories, by the aid of metaphysical and theological argument, to the satisfaction of their authors. Few do it so complacently as the one before us. Dr. Stirling finds that the trouble of Darwinism must be traced back of Charles Darwin to his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin. In the first part of the book, entitled "The Workmen," we have an entertaining study of the three generations of Darwins—Erasmus, Robert Waring, Charles. In succession these men are held before us and made the butt of a ridicule meant to be genial, no doubt, but after all somewhat tinged with malice. One who reads the book can hardly help but wonder whether our author himself similarly treated might not form an interesting spectacle. Of Dr. Robert Waring Darwin he says:

"Burly and farmer-looking, he wore invariably a snuff-colored cloth suit—coat, waistcoat, and breeches all of a piece. There were lappets to his waistcoat pockets and wide cuffs to his sleeves. He had a conspicuous shirt-frill, with a many-folded necktie of soft lawn, equally ample. He bore a ponderous watch-chain; and there were gaiters to his extremities. As he grew in bulk and weight, visiting involved a preliminary problem; he could no longer undertake any and all houses as a matter of course; . . . a special footman, by way of spy or scout, for preparatory inspection and investigation, became a necessity for him."

One sees that the style is somewhat full. The whole work is long-spun-out. To make the statement that Dr. Brown (Scotch philosopher) was very young when he wrote an impudent letter to Erasmus Darwin, gives occasion for a digression of eighteen pages upon the Scottish school of metaphysicians.

Having shown that Erasmus Darwin was an over praised man, and that Robert Waring Darwin was nothing, Dr. Stirling proceeds to dissect Charles. He strikes upon the idea that this unfortunate man had a hereditary "bee in his bonnet"—that was what ailed him! To have been the grandson of the ambitious poet and the son of the fat doctor in snuff-colored suit explains all. What more could have been expected? The childlike delight which Dr. Stirling displays in repeating his reference to the "bee in the bonnet" would amuse if it did not weary.

Passing from the workman to the work, Dr. Stirling denies to Charles Darwin the credit for formulating anything except natural selection, the struggle and the survival. By metaphysics, logic, and reference to "the bee," he demolishes all with no trouble. A careful study of the success of the work reveals that it was due to two causes. First, the support of Lyell, Gray, Carpenter, Huxley, and Hooker; second, the peculiar character of Charles Darwin himself—compounded of "love of hypothesis, simplicity, tenacity, and *slyness*"!! We believe we have given a fair statement of the book. Admirers of the Teuton-loving author, and thinkers only within his range, will no doubt agree with him. But the question of Darwin's work, good or bad, permanent or temporary, must be judged, not by metaphysics and from an outside standpoint, but by biology, and from a position founded on scientific knowledge.

General interest in the questions and mutations of copyright history will be whetted by Mr. George Haven Putnam's *Authors and their Public in Ancient Times*. He does not entitle his book "Writers and their Readers in Ancient Times," because literary productions antedated the evolution of written characters, and long after authors began to use manuscripts the greater part of their literature was still given to the world by word of mouth. At first only an inconsiderable compensation was received by authors, and it was not until Fust and Gutenberg began printing in Germany that any real ownership in literature came into existence. Nothing daunted, however, by these faint beginnings, we have in this work, which we trust is but the prelude to an exhaustive study from Mr. Putnam on the later development of property in literature, first a cursory chronicling of the matter in hand, and then a charming account of ancient book-making materials, along with not a little literature-history. Beginning with earliest evidences in the baked clay tablets on which the royal Chaldean scribes imprinted their narrations with a stylus, and in cuneiform characters (a discovery first made by Sir Henry Layard in 1845 at Koyunjik, the ancient Nineveh), we are taken through the period of Egyptian priestly papyri to China, where the first writing was done on bamboo fiber, while printing from solid blocks dates back to the first century A.D. Our author relates the following legend as to the invention of the alphabet: "As the Emperor was walking near his palace, possibly musing on the inconveniences of ruling a country without an alphabet, his attention was attracted by the beautiful markings of a very large toad that he encountered. He took the beast home with him, and (under the guidance of the proper deity) evolved from the designs on the toad's back the figures of the original Chinese characters. He very probably said to himself (paraphrasing the old nursery saying), 'It looks like an alphabet, and it hops like an alphabet: why not call it an alphabet?' One can imagine a scholar in later years puzzling over the long series of Chinese characters and wishing that his Imperial Highness had happened to meet a smaller or less variegated toad." The foundation of Chinese literature is universally ascribed to Confucius (the Latinized form of Kung-Futsze-Kung, teacher or master), as, indeed, he might also be called the founder of the world's school of applied ethics. Of him we read that he was free from four things: foregone conclusions, arbitrary determinations, obstinacy, and egoism; and Mr. Putnam adds that we "may express the regret that Confucius, or some disciples like him, had not been spared to occupy seats in the Senate Chamber at Washington." Now approaching India and the visions of its early poets, in which the gods played so large and man so little a part, Mr. Putnam puts the collecting of the Vedas (*i. e.*, sacred knowledge) at about 1000 B.C., in which epoch the Homeric poems, the Persian Zend-Avesta (commentary-lore), and the Chinese Book of the Metamorphoses were also written, while he places the labors of Buddha (or Gautama) at the close of the sixth century B.C. The long and delightful chapter on Greece is full of good things, chief among which is the story of the development of the reciters, rhapsodists, lecturers, and orators. After the Grecian conquest, book-production passed to Alexandria, which, under Ptolemy Philadelphus and for centuries after him, was the great mart for literature. Though the most remarkable Alexandrian achievement was the Septuagint, yet the majority of writers were the so-called "grammarians" who prepared editions of great authors. Had it not been for these men, much of Greek literature would have been indubitably lost to us. The comparison between Rome and Greece as applied to America and Great Britain, while in some respects failing to hold good, is cleverly put forth. We note that, though the last chapters bristle with Greek words, some are accented and some not. The book is well printed, and it is a satisfaction to note that a brief bibliography precedes and a longer index succeeds the subject-matter. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The last two books of the "Story of the Nations" are unusually good. *The Story of Japan* was written by David Murray, Ph.D., LL.D., who, from long residence in Japan in connection with the public education of that country, has become familiar with the history and character of the nation. Consequently, Dr. Murray's book shows the master-hand, and is really a "story." A fair account of the early religious myths is given, but a meager description of both Buddhism and Shintoism. Buddhism might be omitted, because it is a foreign importation, but Shintoism is the primitive religion (if, indeed, religion it should be called) of the Japanese race. The Aino, or Ainu, people have a separate and wholly different religion. Dr. Murray's story comes from the earliest times up to date. It is furnished with portraits of modern Japanese statesmen, and with other illustrations of the art and life of the people, and, above all, has an excellent map. The period of Spanish history that Mr. Henry Edward Watts has undertaken to describe in his "story" is described in the title, *The Christian Recovery of Spain: Being the Story of Spain from the Moorish Conquest to the Fall of Grenada* (711–1492 A.D.). Any one who has touched the history of "sacred Spain" knows that this period contains the more picturesque elements of Spanish annals and song; in fact, the ballads of Spain form an important source of its history. With the old Spanish chroniclers, history, remarks Mr. Watts euphemistically, "was rather an art than a science." He attempts to extract the real out of *El Poema del Cid*, the heroic tales that Don Quixote read, and the legends of Roland and of the heroes of the ballads. These materials, added to the chronicles and annals and documents, furnish a rich store. Who was the Cid Campeador? who was Roland or Orlando? who was Bernardo del Carpio, the darling of the Spanish ballads? Mr. Watts endeavors to extricate from these

[1] *Darwinianism: Workmen and Work.* By James Hutchison Stirling. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75.

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heroes of romance the historic personages. The contrast between the rise of the French monarchy by the successive absorption of the feoffs into the centralizing power localized near the Isle de France, is in striking contrast to the difficult aggregation and centralization of the independent and hostile petty Spanish kingdoms. The fervor, the mysticism, the cruelty, the chivalry of the Spanish character come out in this "story." It makes one think of a flaring, murky, fiercely hot pine torch sconced in some Gothic groined-roof baronial hall, where knights carouse and slay and dally, and then moan litanies. In the "Story of Spain" it is not all guitars and the Guadalquiver, not all arabesques of Cordova and inlaid armor of Toledo, not all gorgeously pictured vestments of a high-church function, but there are also cruelty, treachery, sensuality, and bestiality which the "story" only hints. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Genetic Philosophy, by David Jayne Hill (Macmillan & Co., New York), is a fresh contribution to the form, if not to the contents, of philosophic thought, by the President of the University of Rochester. Genetic philosophy, as our author defines it, starts with the assumption that "truth is to be *discovered*, not *made;* and that we are to discover it at the *end*, not at the *beginning*, of our examination." It is thus inductive, not *a priori*. It seeks first a "*real*, as distinguished from an ideal, order of phenomena;" and therefore begins with observation. Examining phenomena, it discovers "the law of recurrence" of phenomena, and learns that the order of phenomena is "capable of an ideal extension in time and space," so that it interprets phenomena in remote stars by chemical laws observed on the earth, and dynamic changes in remote periods by dynamic changes in our period. For it assumes (why our author does not explain) the unity of law—that is, of nature and life. "Every state of reality is thus regarded by science as the reappearance of a previous state of reality under changed conditions." These principles, wrought into the habit and method of human thinking, necessarily issue in, perhaps we should rather say constitute, an evolutionary conception of nature and of life. President Hill applies these principles, or this principle, of thought in successive chapters to separate phases of life: The Genesis of Matter—of Life—of Art—of Morality—of Religion, etc., with an abundance of illustration which shows a wide range of reading in various departments of thought, and with an acuteness of analysis and criticism which shows both careful and independent thinking. The defect of the volume is that it attempts to do too much in too small a space. It suggests how the whole field of thought can be investigated, and yet it is a single volume of 382 pages. It is almost a treatise on universal philosophy, but it is not half the size of one of Herbert Spencer's volumes. It is rather a series of review articles than a complete treatise. But it is suggestive, compact, consistent, though incomplete, and might almost be described as a scaffolding rather than a system. Like "The Satchel Guide to Europe," it is a good book to take up for the purpose of getting a survey of the continent and one's general bearings and methods, before taking up more complete guides to the study of the several States of which that continent is composed.

In 1867 Mr. Lewis Carroll wrote for "Aunt Judy's Magazine" a little tale called "Bruno's Revenge." Years later it occurred to him that the story might serve as the nucleus of a longer narrative. Half was published, and with an ending which most readers supposed final. More than twice the period recommended by Horace for repressing literary works has elapsed, and now Volume Second is given to the world. The present *Sylvie and Bruno, Concluded*, therefore, is that Volume II. In its preface Mr. Carroll tells us that he conceives a human being to be capable of the following psychical conditions: (1) the ordinary state, with no consciousness of the presence of fairies; (2) the "eerie" state, in which, while conscious of actual surroundings, he is also conscious of the presence of fairies; (3) a form of trance, in which, while unconscious of actual surroundings and apparently asleep, he migrates to other scenes in the actual world or in fairyland, and is conscious of the presence of fairies. But Mr. Carroll discusses other things than fairies in his amiable, ambling, prefatorial way. He remarks that, while expecting sometime to publish an essay on the "Morality of Sport," he can aver now that the case from the sportsman's standpoint is much stronger than he had supposed. Nevertheless, he still believes that pain inflicted for the purpose of mere sport is cruel, and therefore wrong. From this he jumps into philippics directed against ritualism, but his words as to the worshipers, that "their bodily presence is all they need contribute," might be applied to the too frequent idea of many church-goers. Mr. Carroll's notions as to many subjects—competitive examinations, partisan politics, and what-not—are not confined to the preface; they often swamp the narrative, though never uninterestingly. For instance, there is an altogether delicious dinner-table discussion in the chapter on "Jabbering and Jam." As for the fairy story itself, it is done as only the author of "Alice in Wonderland" could do it. His italicizing becomes more than wearisome, his moralizing is very much on display, but there is just that quaint, whimsical, original charm in this book for old and young that everybody knew there would be, directly the publishers announced "Sylvie and Bruno, Concluded." (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

A special interest attaches to Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's *Horace Chase* as coming into the reader's hands almost simultaneously with the tragic death of the author. Oddly enough, there is one scene in the story—that in which a fevered patient climbs in delirious sleep to the house-roof and is rescued only to die later—in which a certain resemblance may be traced to the circumstances accompanying the author's death. Horace Chase, the title-character of the novel, is an admirably drawn, keen American business man; hard with men, tender with women; on one side bound up in speculation and caring much for money and more for the power money gives, on the other open to all refined and idealizing influences, though outwardly with little culture. Horace Chase is both a type and an individual, and Miss Woolson never drew a better character. This cannot be said, however, of most of the other persons in the tale. The heroine is not only weak in character but weakly portrayed. Some of the other women and men are so slightly sketched that they would have been better omitted. The greatest merit of the novel, outside the one character of Horace Chase, is the pleasant and cheerful chat which goes on, often trivial but always amusing. The scene is laid alternately at Asheville (before its rise as a resort) and St. Augustine, and the descriptions will bring pleasant memories to many readers. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The distinctive characteristic of Hegel's system is that he started with the principle of a Force, God, immanent in the world, and outworking in the consciousness of men. Therefore Hegel does not teach that the State is the result of a negative social compact, but rather that it is the result of a positive inner Force, that tends to unity. In addition to this aspect, there is another which is more worthy of the attention of teachers of morals. The "categorical imperative" of Kant has the double disadvantage of being an empty abstraction and of leading to lawlessness of individual action. Hegel "brought down the tables of the Law from the Mount," and he made clear how the individual will merges into the general will. *The Ethics of Hegel: Translated Selections from his "Rechtsphilosophie,"* with an Introduction by J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D., is an important and useful book, and its usefulness for most readers is altogether determined by Professor Sterrett's admirable introduction. In this exposition Dr. Sterrett is seen at his best. He is at once lucid and brilliant, showing a thorough comprehension of Hegelian thought and terminology, and indicating the bearing of Hegel's philosophy upon the current problems of theology and social science. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Wah-kee-nah and Her People. By James C. Strong. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.) The author, in this book, considers one after another the various groups of Indian tribes of North America. Among the groups described are the Eskimo, Algonkin, Iroquois, Sioux, Tinneh, the West Coast tribes, and Mexicans. The style is not unpleasant. The material is mainly second-hand, and not always accurate. The greatest value of the work lies in the chapters upon the life of the Chinooks, Yakimas, and other tribes of the Pacific coast. In these we have a narrative of personal experiences among interesting tribes. General Strong knew these intimately, and his knowledge of them has made him a friend of the whole race. He loses no opportunity of emphasizing his feeling that we have ever been unjust to our red brother, and that contact with us has done the Indian harm, not good. In closing he outlines an Indian policy which is worthy of consideration. Among its features are, establishment of Indian courts, establishment of industrial and practical agricultural schools, non-allotment of land in severalty to any but good farmers, and transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department.

The Literary Works of James Smetham, edited by William Davies, form one comely volume, and comprise three essays in the criticism of artists—Reynolds, Blake, and Dow—with one on Alexander Smith, together with some forty pages of verses. The essays are good, particularly those on art; the verses are commonplace, with only here and there a line that is exceptional. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Popular and accessible histories of Portugal seem to be few. There surely is need of a bright and accurate account. In some respects, *Portugal and Its People*, by W. A. Salisbury (T. Nel-

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son & Sons, New York), answers to this demand. But it is a history written in the manner of the old school, and hardly corresponds to the more enlightened requirements of our day. This book deals mostly with kings and affairs of high statecraft, whereas we are still more interested to know about the life and thoughts of the people, the evolution of their literature, their customs and beliefs. The book, except where it takes up Serpa Pinto and contemporary events, is almost obsolete in its way of treating the history of the country and its people.

The Rev. Edward H. Hall was pastor of the First Church, Cambridge, Mass. A committee of his friends and parishioners desired the publication of a selection of his sermons on the eve of his retirement from the ministry. Hence we have this volume, *Discourses*. The sermons are excellent, as the title is unpretentious. They are deeply spiritual in their impulse, and finished in their form. His attitude towards our Lord may be inferred from this sentence, which we take from the sermon "The Place of Jesus in the World's Religious History:" "The power of Jesus has appeared, not in forcing upon others his own thoughts, but in awakening theirs." (George H. Ellis, Boston.)

Colonel Pearson's condensation of Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy*, which the Scribners have been importing, has now appeared in an American edition published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The book is convenient in size, the paper and type are good, but, though condensed with judgment (save in the chapter on "The Fine Arts"), the reader's appetite is continually whetted for the larger and much more satisfactory volumes. It is to be hoped that a complete edition, at a reasonable price, of all the works of the lamented Mr. Symonds may soon appear. Few men have accomplished so much in writing the history of culture as he.

A recent volume in the series of "The Preachers of the Age" is a volume of sermons by the Rev. Charles Moinet, M.A., of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Kensington, which is entitled *The Good Cheer of Jesus Christ*. These discourses are ethical in their nature, and appeal to the individual for the salvation of the individual. In many instances the preacher's point of view is novel and ingenious, but they are not such sermons as would inspire the reader. It might be said that they are teachings rather than preachings, at any rate in their printed form. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's latest collection of stories, *John Ingerfield*, is entertaining, and offers variety. The titular story is well enough, though in no way remarkable, but "The Woman of the Saeter" is uncommonly good, as is "The Lease of the Cross Keys." The latter story is funny, with a genial humor; the former tale is weird and strange, and told with much art. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—That well-known London-hater and Cornish-country lover, "Q," namely, Mr. Quiller-Couch, is out with a new tale bearing the queer title of "The Bishop of Eucalyptus."

—The Canadian poet Charles Roberts is a Professor at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Mr. Roberts has now a third occupation in trying his hand at a long novel.

—Dean Hole of Rochester, whose proposed visit to the United States has been postponed until next autumn, is about publishing a volume of "Addresses to Workingmen."

—One of the very rare cases of one author taking up the history of another author's character is instanced in "The School Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," the title of a new serial story by Mr. Oliver McEwan.

—The People's Palace in the East End of London will now have an excellent library of eleven hundred volumes, comprising English poetry and fiction, as a result of the subscriptions to the Wilkie Collins Memorial.

—Mrs. Ramona Wolfe, whose first name has become famous by reason of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's romance, has just died. San Diego visitors take much interest in the little adobe church there where Ramona and Alessandro were married.

—Mr. Crawford's productivity is enormous. No sooner is "Katharine Lauderdale" put on the market than the title of his second volume in this new series illustrative of New York life is announced. The book will be called "The Ralstons," and is to be published next autumn.

—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., of London, have just brought out an English edition of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's books "Under the Trees" and "My Study Fire." Both volumes are illustrated, and have been given that distinctive charm of typography and book-making for which this publishing firm is noted. Mr. Mabie's "Essays in Literature" and "Short Studies in Literature" are soon to be brought out by the same publishers in similar form.

—To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Drisler's connection with Columbia, a series of papers by his former pupils is about to be issued, bearing the title "Classical Studies in Honor of Professor Drisler." It will be the first publication of the new Columbia University Press, represented by the Macmillans.

—When Emerson last visited England he went to see Ruskin, who deluged the reticent sage of Concord with pessimistic talk. "At last," said Emerson to a friend, who has only just made public the circumstance, "I could not endure it any longer, for his thoughts were as black as night, and I took a sudden leave of him."

—A weekly paper in the Greek language has been started in New York City, called "Atlantis." It is to be non-partisan and independent, and will appeal to the wants of the increasing Greek population here. There may be also an appeal to such Americans as are familiar with modern Greek, or who are interested in archæology, or in the progress of the still infant kingdom on the Mediterranean.

—The honors of the late Professor Windscheid, the eminent pandectist of the University of Leipsic, have been worthily succeeded to by his daughter, Fräulein Käthe Windscheid, who has just won at the University of Heidelberg the very unusual distinction to a German woman of a "summa cum laude" doctor's degree in English and Romance philology.

—An editorial writer in the "Southern Magazine" cordially praises the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but condemns Mr. Cable's writings as being unfair to the South, declaring that "the Northern writers who have dealt in fiction with slavery or its remoter consequences have, with less of obligation to forbear, been more generous as well as juster."

—Mr. Traill and Mr. Coventry Patmore seem to be serious in declaring that Francis Thompson is one of the really great poets. He has been reclaimed from a life of vagabondage, and is now living at a Capuchin monastery in Wales. For a long time he was a beggar in the streets of London, occasionally earning something by selling matches or by acting as a cab "tout."

—Norway has lost one of her greatest scholars in the death, at the age of eighty-two, of Dr. Johan Fritzner. Though pastor of various churches for forty years, his name will always be connected with his researches in Old Norse, of which his dictionary will remain a monumental work. A year younger than Fritzner is Ivar Aasen, who survives, and whose life has been devoted to the study of Norwegian dialects.

—Under the able editorship of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Professor Woodberry, an effort will be made to put forth a standard and final edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe. Professor Woodberry is to write the biography and the critical introductions to the poems, essays, and stories. The ten volumes will be illustrated with photogravure reproductions of portraits and facsimiles, and will be issued in both small and large paper forms.

—Welhaven, Munch, Ibsen, Björnson, and Lie are represented in the new collection of Norwegian poetry which has appeared at Christiania. The last named, who has just celebrated his sixtieth birthday, is, compared to Björnson, a mystic philosopher in matter, while in manner M. Maurice Bigeon declares that he is the only Scandinavian novel-writer who can be called an artist. Lie himself credits everything of good in his work to his wife, and says that it is she who has always quickened his naturally slow mind.

—Of George Meredith's novels, men generally like "The Egoist" best; women, "Diana of the Crossways;" he himself, "The Shaving of Shagpat." The author's home is a cottage at Box Hill, an unpretentious London suburb. A few hundred yards back of the house is a small wood, in which the novelist has built his study, a tiny one-story lodge, where he does his three to four hours' writing in the mornings, the limit of his composition being about twelve hundred words. This manuscript is then copied by his daughter for the publisher. In the afternoon the novelist studies and translates from the classics.

—Mr. Gladstone's new Hawarden library, consisting of over twenty-four thousand volumes, is called "St. Deiniol's Theological and General Library," and is placed in an iron building constructed expressly for it. A circular just issued by the ex-Premier declares it ready for the use of "students, lay and clerical, of any age, of inquirers, and of clergy or others desiring times of rest;" but Mr. Gladstone does not desire the visits to it of mere sight-seers. Another interesting feature is the expectation that students will reside in the hostelry adjoining, which is under the library control and a part of it, where for a low charge comfortable and quiet board and lodging may be obtained.

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The Religious World

The Students' Volunteer Movement

The annual meeting of the Student Volunteer Movement was held in Detroit, Mich., from February 28 to March 4. The gathering was large and thoroughly representative of the students and colleges of the country. There were representatives from 35 institutions in Canada, 72 in New England, 41 in the Southern States, and 146 in the Central and Western States, making a total of 294 from which delegates came. They were from all kinds of schools and colleges. Thirty-eight different denominations were represented (we wonder if it would have been possible to tell them apart if they had not been labeled !), and members of fifty different mission boards. About fifty missionaries were present, fifty missionary secretaries, six representatives of Young People's Societies, and thirty other guests, making a total of 1,357, of which 1,187 were students. In such a company the enthusiasm was, naturally, great and contagious. The meetings each day began at nine o'clock. Among the speakers were the Rev J. Hudson Taylor, Miss Geraldine Guinness, the Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., the Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., the Rev. Robert A. Hume, Secretary Judson Smith, and Mr. R. E. Speer. The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, it will be remembered, is the leader of the China Inland Mission, and Miss Guinness is, we believe, also connected with that work. We were especially interested in the remarks of the Rev. Robert A. Hume, who showed how the people have to be dealt with by the missionaries—"not," he said, "by telling them, 'You are all wrong,' but by drawing out the truth that is in the man, by explaining to him the reasons of his own customs and sacrifices, and, above all, by sympathy and love." He also spoke briefly on the Brahmo-Somaj, showing how Chunder Sen and Mozoomdar had been led so near to the teaching of Christ. In the course of the meetings there were many denominational conferences addressed by various leaders. We are told that there is quite a noticeable increase in the number of students who are expecting to enter the foreign field. The amount raised by the colleges during the past year for this cause increased from $15,000 to about $40,000. The number of "volunteers" now in mission lands is said to be 686. This Student Volunteer Movement has exerted a great influence in this country, and its influence is extending to the Old World. The duty and privilege of carrying the Gospel to heathen lands is now recognized as never before, and few influences have done so much to stimulate the "missionary revival" as this movement. There is danger that it will be unwisely administered, but that is no reason why it should not be most heartily supported, but rather a reason why the wise should give to it the benefit of their experience. The growth of this organization can be compared only to that of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, of which it may almost be said to be a department, although without any distinct connection.

Notable Calls

One of the strongest and most influential churches in England is the Emmanuel Congregational Church at Cambridge. Situated near to the college buildings, in the heart of the city, it has a large influence in that university town. It has just called to its pastorate the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, of Leicester, and it would have been impossible to find a man better adapted to its peculiar work. Mr. Forsyth is one of the strongest ministers of any denomination in England. When Dr. Dale preached his famous sermon a year ago on "Grace," he prefaced it by saying that he was indebted for the suggestion of the sermon to one of the ablest Congregational ministers in the world. He did not mention the name, but a few well knew to whom he referred. Had Mr. Forsyth not been in delicate health he would have occupied a much larger place in the religious life of England. As a scholar, writer, and thinker we do not know his superior either in the Church or among Nonconformists. We have often felt that his true place was in a theological chair. Within a year or two he has delivered two addresses which have attracted much attention—one on "The Education of the Democracy," the other on "The Culture of Faith, and the Faith of Culture." Among his books we especially recall "Religion in Recent Art." We believe it would not have been possible for the church at Cambridge to find any one more admirably equipped for its most important pastorate than the accomplished and spiritual thinker whom it has called to its pulpit.——The First Congregational Church in Baltimore, of which the late Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D.D., was the beloved pastor, has called the Rev. Henry W. Ballentine, D.D., of Bloomfield, N. J. Dr. Ballentine has been for about eighteen years a pastor in Bloomfield. He is brother of President Ballentine, of Oberlin College, and is recognized as one of the brightest men in the New Jersey pulpit. The real cause of his change of pastorate is dissatisfaction with the action of the late General Assembly. Other things for a time made his late field of service somewhat unpleasant, but the splendid unanimity with which his church rallied to his support would have made no change necessary had it not been for his preference for a Congregational church. Dr. Ballentine will find in Baltimore a large and, we believe, a congenial field for the exercise of his undoubted ability.——At the same time that a pastor from the vicinity of New York has been called to Baltimore, a pastor from Baltimore has been called to the West Presbyterian Church in New York. The Rev. M. D. Babcock, of the Brown Memorial Church in Baltimore, has been chosen to succeed Dr. J. R. Paxton. The West Presbyterian Church is one of the strongest in the city, and if Mr. Babcock decides to accept its call (as we go to press there are rumors that he will decide adversely), he will have a sphere of great usefulness and power. President Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., of Union Theological Seminary, was long the pastor of this church, and he was succeeded by the brilliant Dr. John R. Paxton, who has recently resigned.

The Catholic Summer School

The Catholic Summer School will be held next summer at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. The sessions will begin on July 14. In selecting speakers care has been taken to have the different sections of the United States represented, also both religious and secular clergy, and various professions. We have before us the prospectus of the School, and note some of its more prominent characteristics. The opening sermon will be preached by Bishop John L. Spaulding, of Peoria, Ill. The Jesuit provincial, the Rev. W. O. B. Pardow, will deliver four lectures on the Bible; Richard Malcolm Johnston will give five lectures on eminent authors; George Parsons Lathrop will give three lectures on the French Revolution. Some legal principles of general interest will be considered in two lectures by the Hon. W. C. Robinson, of the Yale Law School. Various conferences and reading circles will be held, and special attention will be given to music. The time from August 6 to 10 will be devoted to subjects appealing especially to teachers. The last Summer School was such a decided success that our Roman Catholic brethren are much encouraged in planning for the next one. The Regents of the University of the State of New York have granted an absolute charter, by which this Catholic School has a legal existence as a corporation under the laws of the State of New York, and is classified within the system of public instruction devoted to University Extension.

The Evangelistic Campaign in New York

New York City is in the midst of a revival such as it has not known since Mr. Moody's great mission, now about twenty years ago. The same leaders who have been at the front in the campaign in Brooklyn have taken charge in New York. The Rev. A. C. Dixon, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, seems to be the most prominent in the work, and he is ably supported by the pastors of different churches. Almost all denominations are represented. Outdoor meetings have been held in some of the squares; arrangements have been made for meetings in theaters; a daily noon meeting has been held in Association Hall; the various regular daily meetings, like those in John and Fulton Streets, have been reinforced, and there has been a systematic plan of work in all parts of the city. Numerous professional evangelists are co-operating, and a general committee of pastors has supervision of the work. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been present one day, and were greeted by great congregations in the Broadway Taber-

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nacle. At the time of our writing there seems to be no flagging of interest, but rather a very decided increase. There has been a conviction that this was a special opportunity for reaching the unconverted. Times of financial depression have always been times of great spiritual opportunity. So far as we can judge from what we have seen and read, we are inclined to think that Mr. Dixon is proving himself a capable leader in evangelistic work. The idea of this "mission" was suggested by Mr. Moody's campaign in Chicago during the last summer. We do not like to criticise any movement of this kind, and yet we cannot help feeling that a certain style of evangelists are given too great prominence for the best results. With some classes of people they are undoubtedly successful, but. thoughtful persons, who need wise and reasonable presentations of truth, are repelled by those who sometimes venture to talk about things which they do not understand, and who denounce those whose Christ-like lives are constantly winning other men to the Master. As a rule, we think the Salvation Army leaders are wiser than some of these evangelists, because they content themselves with preaching positive truth rather than denouncing those who differ from them. These words are not to be interpreted as indicating lack of sympathy in a movement which has already proved itself to be a magnificent success. They are only suggestions which may well be heeded in the arrangement of meetings and speakers.

The Evangelical Alliance, 1893

The report of the General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for 1893 has just come to our hands. The executive officer of this association in the United States, as is well known, is the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., the author of "Our Country" and "The New Era." The report tells us that the great event in the history of the Alliance during the year was the International Christian Conference held in connection with the Chicago Exposition in October last, when addresses were presented on the religious condition of many lands, and subjects of great interest to the whole Church treated by competent speakers. The third division in this report speaks of the presentation of the subject of Christian union and co-operation at Chicago, and says: "Co-operation was presented as the most effective method of evangelization, the only means by which the churches could accomplish their social mission, and as a necessary preparation for reunion. It was also emphasized as the only remedy for a wasteful and scandalous competition." We call attention to this statement because it differs so widely from the opinion of Professor Shields, who holds that co-operation and federation are at best but expedients, and that only on some such basis as the Historic Episcopate is Christian union possible. The report informs us that during the past year this Alliance has co-operated with that of Great Britain in behalf of Mirza Ibrahim, a converted Mohammedan, who was confined for months in a Persian prison, and who at length suffered a martyr's death. The United States Minister at the Persian court interfered, and would have succeeded in securing the release of the prisoner had the matter not been taken out of the hands of the authorities. It has also co-operated in behalf of the Armenian professors who were seized on false charges at Marsovan, and, with the British Alliance, it united in making a protest to the Czar of Russia against the persecutions of the Stundists. Among those who have been loyal members of the Alliance and earnest workers in its behalf who have died during the past year we note the names of Bishop Brooks, Dr. Deems, and Professor Philip Schaff. Dr. Schaff was always most enthusiastic and consecrated in this work. He believed in Church union with all his heart, and was ever ready to do all in his power for its advancement. His last public utterance was at the meeting of this Alliance in Chicago, when he is said to have declared that he would visit Chicago and give his testimony even if he died in the attempt. He did not die at that time, but very soon after, and it may well be questioned if his death was not hastened by that effort. The Evangelical Alliance has done a noble work in behalf of co-operation and union among Christians, and individual members of it are still loyal to a lofty ideal. Dr. Strong is himself one of the prophets of the new era, and few laymen are more far-seeing or single-hearted than Mr. William E. Dodge. There are many, however, who feel that the Alliance no longer assumes a position of leadership, and that its basis is much too narrow for the work of the future. If this is true, it will, we trust, in due time be suitably adjusted to the needs of the new time. In the meantime all Christians should rejoice in what the Alliance has already accomplished.

Auburn Theological Seminary

The seventy-fourth catalogue of this excellent institution of learning has just been issued. It is the first one which bears the name of Henry M. Booth, D.D., as President. This has come to be one of the most useful of our theological seminaries. Situated in a beautiful city in the interior of New York State, finely equipped as to buildings, in the midst of a population warmly interested in its work, it is doing now, as it has done in the past, great things for the churches which it especially represents. It is distinctly Presbyterian in its affiliation, but the course of its professors in the recent difficulties in that Church has shown that, while they are loyal to its traditions, they are not willing to be hampered by the narrowness of any self-constituted leaders. Three names have been especially prominent in the recent history of this Seminary: Dr. S. M. Hopkins, one of the ablest men of his time, who has been Professor of Church History; Dr. E. A. Huntington, who has had no superior in the department of New Testament Exegesis; and Dr. A. J. Upson, than whom no one, probably, has ever done more to stimulate general interest in sacred oratory in this country. They have all ceased to do active work. Professor Theodore W. Hopkins is, we believe, the successor of Professor S. M. Hopkins in the department of Church History; Professor Riggs has already made his mark as the successor of Professor Huntington. Professor W. J. Beecher is widely known as a Hebrew scholar, while the department so long held by Professor Upson is now in the able hands of the Rev. Arthur S. Hoyt, D.D. For many years Professor Hoyt occupied the same chair in Hamilton College that Professor Upson occupied before him, and he has now become his successor at Auburn. There are ninety-four students in this Seminary, and among the special lectures for the ensuing year will be a course by the Rev. F. F. Ellingwood, D.D., of New York, on "Ethnic Religions and their Relation to Christian Missions."

Mr. Spurgeon's Pulpit

Interest in the succession to the pastorate of the great Metropolitan Tabernacle in London (Mr. Spurgeon's) is already manifested by articles in the English papers. The annual meeting of the Tabernacle was held on Wednesday evening, February 21, when about three thousand persons were present, admission being by "communion ticket" only. The question of succession was not raised at that time, but reports were read, and, according to one correspondent (who seems to voice the official utterance of the "Christian World"), the reports generally were very favorable. It is also said that, at the meeting which was to be held on the 21st of this month, the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, who has been supplying the pulpit during the year, will without doubt be called to the pastorate. The same division, however, seems to continue that was noticed at the beginning of the year. A large and somewhat influential company of persons, represented chiefly by the officers of the church, are still in favor of calling Dr. Pierson, who, in the English papers, is periodically reported to have been baptized by immersion, and so to be eligible to the pastorate. The announcements concerning Dr. Pierson's course, as they appear in England, sound very absurd to an American. We cannot understand how they originate unless they are especially inspired, and yet the source must be some more devoted than wise admirer of Dr. Pierson. We in this country are assured that he has not been immersed and has not surrendered his Presbyterian fellowship. On the other hand, we have heard of his supplying Presbyterian pulpits, and of the prospect of his being called to at least one of them. It is said that if Mr. Thomas Spurgeon should be called to the Tabernacle, there would be a large secession of persons representing great financial strength. As far as we can judge at this distance, the real contest in the Tabernacle is between those who represent the late pastor as he was in his declining years, and who are hardly prepared for the

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exuberance and more youthful methods of his son, who is more like his father as he was twenty years ago. Theologically the father and son seem to occupy about the same position. The question of the succession will probably be definitely settled by the time this reaches our readers. The fact seems to be that a large proportion of prominent persons desire Dr. Pierson, while the great majority of the church and congregation are strongly in favor of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. In either event it is likely that some will leave the church, and their places will be taken by others. The Tabernacle church is composed of widely differing elements, and it could hardly be expected that there would be perfect harmony in the choice of a successor to so unique a preacher, so wonderful an organizer, and so positive a man as the late Charles H. Spurgeon.

George Douglass

The Rev. George Douglass, D.D., LL.D., of Canada, who lately died, was one of the most remarkable men on the American continent. Whether he was considered as a theologian, an orator, a patriot, a reformer, an educator, or a Christian man, he was one of the brightest ornaments of his country and his Church. He was born in 1825 in Scotland, of Presbyterian parentage. Early coming to Canada, he fell under the influence of the Methodists, and became a loyal and enthusiastic champion of the faith and methods of that denomination. His life was spent as follows: He was eleven years in Montreal in pastoral work, more than twenty years Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, and pastor in Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton. Quite early in his life he became totally blind. In addition to that, the muscles of his face were partially paralyzed. Yet, with all this affliction, he was one of the most brilliant orators and most inspiring personalities in the Methodist Church of the world. Those who heard him during the Ecumenical Conference of Methodists in Washington will never forget the marvelous power that he then displayed, and yet those who knew him say that it was only a suggestion of the power which he sometimes had over his audiences. His style was rich and lofty. Shut out from the world, his spiritual eye seemed to see truth with a clearness seldom given to men. Those who have often heard him say that at times he seemed unconsciously to speak in blank verse, and some passages from his addresses read like poetry of the purest type. Wherever he was known, on both sides of the sea, he was regarded with admiration almost deepening to reverence, and with affection which none cared to disguise.

Gleanings

—The pastorate of the Rev. Philip S. Moxom over the South Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., will begin on April 1.

—The Rev. Dr. Lucius R. Paige, the Cambridge, Mass., historian, celebrated his ninety-second birthday recently. He reads without glasses, has an unimpaired memory, enjoys excellent health, but is slightly deaf.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury has just consecrated two new missionary bishops at Lambeth Palace—the Rt. Rev. Henry Evington, who goes to Japan, and the Rt. Rev. Herbert Tregwell, who goes to western Equatorial Africa.

—The Rev. Dr. Josiah Gardner Davis, for thirty years pastor of the Congregational church in Amherst, and for many years trustee of Dartmouth College, died on Wednesday of last week, at his home in Amherst, aged seventy-nine. He had been retired from the active ministry for fifteen years.

—The "Watchman" prints cuts of the façade and interior of the new Tremont Temple to be erected in Boston. This property is owned by the Evangelical Baptist Benevolent and Missionary Society, the members of the corporation, numbering 250, being elected by vote of the Boston Baptist churches.

—A Free Church Conference will be held in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York on Tuesday, March 27, for the discussion of the Free Church movement and of institutional work. There will be two sessions during the day and a public meeting in the evening, to be addressed by men prominent in these new lines of church work.

—"It is given to but few men," says the Philadelphia "Telegraph," "to spend half a century in the service of the Church. The Philadelphia Conference, in session at Easton, yesterday paused in its regular proceedings to pass unanimously a resolution complimentary to the entrance on his fiftieth year of effective service of the Rev. Thomas A. Fernley, D.D. This was a fit recognition of an earnest worker, whose tireless energy and enthusiastic fidelity have been recognized by all."

—The following special lecturers are announced for the year 1894 in the Yale Theological School: The Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Lyman Beecher lecturer; the Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D., Yale, '65, of this city; the Rev. Charles H. Richards, D.D., Yale, '60, of Philadelphia; Professor L. J. Sanford, M.D., Yale, '58, of New Haven, on the "The Preservation of Health." The summary of students given is as follows: Resident licentiates, 2; graduate students, 21; senior class, 32; middle class, 33; junior class, 31; total, 119. The Rev. William F. Blackman, of Ithaca, N. Y., will succeed Professor Arthur Fairbanks as Professor of Christian Ethics next year.

—The second meeting of the New York City Union for Practical Progress was held Tuesday, March 13, at 312 West Fifty-fourth Street. Several of those present at the organization of the Union attended, and many others, including Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., M. R. Leverson, Sam Kaufman, Mr. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Clara Neyman, Miss Jane Slocum, Dr. J. H. Ward, Lizzie Cheney Ward, the Rev. Leighton Williams, and the Rev. Walter Vrooman. Mr. Leverson presided, and called on Mr. Vrooman for a full explanation of the plan. It is proposed to try to induce all clubs, reform workers, and churches to unite their efforts once each month in a concerted attack upon some existing social or political evil. To facilitate matters, a National Executive Committee arranges a programme and notifies local secretaries of the subject under consideration during a given month. With each request for a sermon, speech, or paper upon this subject, a bibliography is mailed. This single item renders the movement a valuable one, as it is educational in its tendencies; no preacher can justify inaction with the plea of ignorance. Such subjects as the sweating system, the tenement-house problem, Government control of the liquor traffic, abolition of child labor, etc., are selected, and it is hoped that, by gaining the sympathies of the people, a public opinion will be formed which will be powerful enough to penetrate the halls of legislation and stir the minds and hearts of our legislators. Any association willing to co-operate in this movement has simply to notify the secretary of the local Union, and is not bound to co-operate on any line contrary to its policy or original purposes. The prevailing sentiment of those present was in favor of such a broad and practical plan, and it was concluded to form a permanent organization here in New York and elect officers. Mr. Albert Shaw was elected President; Vice-Presidents—the Rev. David Greer, the Rev. B. B. Tyler, the Rev. J. M. Philput, Mr. M. R. Leverson, Mr. Edmund Kelly; Executive Committee—James A. Herne, Hamlin Garland, William H. Solomon, Leighton Williams, William Scudamore; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Eda Levin. The next meeting will be held Wednesday, March 28, 4:30 P.M., at No. 10 East Thirty-third Street.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Henry Ketcham, of St. Paul, Minn., has received a call from the West End Church of Bridgeport, Conn.

—W. S. Woolworth was installed as pastor of the Forest Avenue Church of New York (One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Street) on March 22.

—Richard I. Swain was installed as pastor of the church in South Hadley Falls, Mass., on March 15.

—Charles Machin, for sixty years in the ministry, died at Chicago, Ill., on March 9, at the age of eighty-four.

—F. B. Phelps has resigned the pastorate of the church in Irasburg, Vt.

—L. P. Atwood, of Dennis, Mass., accepts the pastorate of the churches in Westfield and Lowell, Vt.

—A. W. Gerrie was, on March 6, installed as pastor of the First Church of Torrington, Conn.

—Richard Scoles accepts a call to Clarendon, Vt.

—L. C. Bellsmith, of Polk City, Ia., has resigned.

—G. W. Ruland, of Westmoreland, N. H., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Adolos Allen, of Philadelphia, has been elected co-pastor of the First Church of Washington, D. C.

—E. S. Ely, Jr., has become pastor of the First Church of Rockford, Ill.

—James E. Bushnell, of Rye, N. Y., has accepted the call from the Phillips Church of New York City.

OTHER CHURCHES

—William A. Fiske, rector of St. Andrew's Church (P. E.) of Brooklyn, N. Y., died last week, at the age of sixty-nine.

—G. C. Betts has accepted a call to St. John's Church (P. E.), Passaic, N. J.

—W. H. Van Antwerp, of Trinity Church (P. E.), Marshall, Mich., has resigned.

—H. D. Maxwell has resigned the pastorate of the Universalist church of Brattleboro', Vt.

—S. D. Noyes, of the Second Reformed Church of Kingston, N. Y., died on March 14, at the age of sixty-five.

—Edward C. Bull, a retired Episcopal clergyman, died in Tarrytown, N. Y., on March 16, at the age of fifty-eight.

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With Our Readers

Correspondence

The Plymouth Brethren

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Replying to a correspondent in your issue of February 17, concerning the "Plymouth Brethren," you make the following statement: "The best refutation of their peculiar tenets is in the extreme individualism and extravagance of their assumption that the entire Christian body, themselves excepted, is apostate and rejected of God. With this fanaticism, however, is combined much personal piety."

As one of this miscalled and much-misunderstood people, you will allow me to take exception to that statement, and to say that they do not consider all other Christians as apostate and rejected. On the contrary, they hold that the Church of God is composed of the "Ecclesia," or "all those who have been called out of the world and have followed the call," as Dr. Abbott puts it. These are to be found wherever the name of Christ is breathed, and "Brethren" freely and gladly recognize such as belonging to Christ, even though not with them.

They do hold, however, that the "Ecclesia" (or spiritual body of Christ composed of all true believers) and the world out of which they are called are two very separate and distinct things, and have nothing in common. They are, therefore, not content to go on as a mixed assembly, but to "come out from among them and be separate." This, however, places them in an antagonistic position to the denominations of the day, as the latter do not attempt this separation, but go on the principle that "the wheat and the tares" must grow together until harvest, forgetting that Christ states in his interpretation of that parable that "the field is the world," not the Church. True wheat, then, is scattered up and down the field of the world; but as to the Church, their place is separation from the world, if they wish to bear fruit and obey the divine command.

The denominational "church" of the day has indeed "a name to live and is dead" when it is composed of a mixed multitude organized for social, charitable, educational, entertainment, or other purposes—all good in their place, but not answering to the true mission of the Church of God on earth, which is to represent Christ and proclaim his Gospel to the world. In all this the "Brethren" are counted fanatical by those who go with the stream of the world and take the name of Christ at the same time.

The "Brethren," therefore, take the highest ground of the Church of God, as a body of which Christ is the head, and its members those who seek to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called." Let any one seek with his whole soul to follow Christ to the extent of leaving his worldly associates and separating from every form of evil, and he will soon find it equivalent to "going forth without the camp bearing his reproach."

I do not go further into the beliefs of the Brethren, except to say that they adhere more broadly and comprehensively to Biblical teaching than other Christians, and have among them many learned and recognized authorities in Biblical research.

A. W. R.

This protest seems to us to confirm the statement which it protests against. Of course, in speaking of "the Christian body," we meant the body as organized in churches and denominations, without regard to individual characters therein.—THE EDITORS.

—

A College Mission

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Six years ago a number of Yale College students became interested in a New Haven city mission. The missionary in charge soon saw that these young men were energetic and sincerely interested in helping the poor and ignorant. As he was able to obtain sufficient assistance from the theological students to manage his meetings, he advised the college boys to start a mission of their own, in a portion of the city thickly populated and utterly destitute of Protestant missionary work. The Yale Young Men's Christian Association welcomed the idea, and soon secured a hall and announced the opening of meetings. Sunday evening the students scoured the neighborhood, inviting everybody to come to the hall. Wherever there was a little group of men loafing on a corner or in a doorway, a student would approach them with a courteous "Good-evening, gentlemen. The Yale boys are going to hold a meeting in Washington Hall. There will be speaking and good singing. We should be glad to have you come." Among the roughs thus approached the students almost invariably received respectful treatment. After a while it was no longer necessary to go about the streets. The men in that part of the city all knew about the meetings, and they came in good numbers. So the work continued, with gradually increasing results. For a time the young men of one of the New Haven churches conducted a reading-room at the hall where the meetings were held. Some of the college boys spent their summer months in city mission work in New York, and brought back to the Yale mission valuable experience and inspiration.

This year the undertaking suddenly assumed much larger proportions. The association rented a whole house, not too far from the old hall. The lower part of the building had once been a saloon, and the floors above had been one of the dirtiest Italian lodging-houses imaginable. Plenty of hot water, paint, and neat wall-paper made a remarkable transformation. Cots were put in for twenty lodgers, and now any sober man can have a hot bath, a clean bed, and coffee and bread in the morning—all for fifteen cents. Before this house was opened a man could not get a decent lodging in the city for less than fifty cents.[1] The quondam saloon makes a good room for meeting. Sometimes of a Sunday evening there are more than a hundred men crowded together, listening to Gospel talks from the students. They are ragged, dirty, often drunk, sometimes disorderly; but generally they listen intently, and many raise their hands for prayers, and some really make a new start in life. Scattered about on the benches throughout this motley crowd are ten, twenty, or thirty students—earnest fellows, some of whom are working their way through college—earnest fellows, also, who belong to the wealthiest families and have access to the most exclusive society. When the meeting is over, these students turn and open conversation with the men near them, and it is a half-hour or more before the room is empty. On two other evenings during the week similar though smaller meetings are held in the same place.

The credit for the recent development of this work belongs largely to a member of the present Senior class, who for the last two years has been chairman of the committee in charge. He leaves New Haven in June to complete his preparation for foreign mission work. Surely his college days have not been wasted. It was the cherished plan of chairman and committee to employ an experienced missionary from New York to work with the students. Several hundred dollars were promised for this purpose, but older men advised that the students should carry the whole responsibility and work their own way through.

In another part of the city, nearly two miles away, other Yalensians are carrying on a successful mission Sunday-school, while the Freshman class has its distinctive duty in furnishing several students to work each evening at a boys' club. Here books and games, baths and gymnastics, serve to entertain the street urchins, and to aid in their civilization.

Thus many Yale students are in various ways reaching out and down to help others. They are accomplishing something for the city of New Haven, and they are gaining a sympathetic knowledge of the condition and needs of the poor. A few years hence, whether they are lawyers, doctors, clergymen, or business men, they will be wise and earnest workers in the solution of city problems.

H. T. F.

New Haven, Conn.

[1] Two mission lodging-houses have since been opened.

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—

A Workingman's View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Why workingmen do not attend church is still a much-mooted question. I am a workingman, and have worked, lived, and associated with workingmen all of my life, for now nearly sixty-two years. Moreover, I was a church member and took active part in church and Sunday-school work from the time of my early youth until middle age. With this experience to guide me, I will endeavor to give what appears to me to be the reason why we do not attend the church.

The Church has left us, and is no longer controlled by the spirit of Christ; it has identified itself with the wealthy, but has no respect for the poor.

This is a serious charge, but it can be maintained. In cities the churches follow wealth, go where it goes, and dwell with it; the poorer quarter is left without church privileges; the Gospel is no longer preached to the common people; it doesn't pay. The ethics of the Church are adapted to the wants of the wealthy—witness the conduct of the Church in relation to the World's Fair. For two years prior to its opening every Sunday was desecrated in so far that men, through their poverty, were compelled to work on that day. The Church was silent; but when an attempt was made to open it on Sundays, the cry went up, You must not desecrate the Lord's Day! Verily this was cleansing the outside of the platter while the inside was full of all uncleanness. God is not deceived; workingmen are not fools.

But this is not all; it is quite common for corporations, and also private firms, to compel their workmen to desecrate the Sabbath by doing work on that day that could be as well or better done on working days, and in this thrifty, industrious, and eminently religious city of Holyoke the practice is quite common; but no word comes from the Church, although the Church knows full well that the opening of the back door of the mill directly encourages the opening of the back door of the saloon. Again, the workingmen are everywhere demanding a more equitable share of the product

A Handsome Souvenir

Messrs. J. A. Pozzoni & Company, of St. Louis, have kindly offered to send one of their beautiful colored calendars for 1894 and 1895, free of cost, to any reader of The Outlook who will send them a two-cent stamp to pay postage. An exceptional opportunity to obtain one of these beautiful souvenirs is thus presented. Send name and address, inclosing a two-cent stamp and mentioning The Outlook, to

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of their labor as a condition which will enable them to live a higher and a better life. Meanwhile the Church is amusing itself hunting heresy and heretics, and occasionally indulging in diatribes on the labor movement and those engaged in it.

It is continually begging for money to send missionaries to foreign lands, while some forty millions of the people living in our own country do not attend church. In this connection see Matthew xxiii., 15; but when they get to this, they find in some of them (the native clergy) more than their equals in the mysteries of the future life.

To sum up, the whole workingmen have tried the Church in the balance and found it wanting; hence have no use for it. If it can get along without us, we certainly can get along very comfortably without it. We have no feeling of positive hostility to it, only a feeling of good-natured indifference.

If ever the Church sees fit to again arrange itself on the lines laid down by its Founder, Jesus Christ, and will live up to his principles and teach his doctrines, the common people will hear it gladly, as they did of old when Christ spake. God is not deceived; workingmen are not fools. A. R.

Holyoke, Mass.

It Was Tennyson's

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook is not often caught napping or nodding. I am surprised, therefore, to see that you credit (page 402) Archdeacon Farrar with coining the phrase "The Larger Hope." The phrase is Tennyson's. In strophe LV. of "In Memoriam" occurs the line:

And faintly trust the larger hope.

I have always supposed that Archdeacon Farrar borrowed it from the Laureate, with whom, presumably, it was original.

A. E. P.

Notes and Queries

1. Will you explain to me the twenty-first verse of eighteenth chapter of Genesis? Did God not know, prior to his going to Sodom, the exact condition of affairs? 2. Not long ago I noticed the reason given for Mrs. Besant's first beginning to doubt her faith was when her baby lay choking to death with membranous croup. She could not reconcile a God of mercy and justice with one who would allow such torture to come to a sinless child. Do you think God did send such suffering to the baby? in other words, is God responsible for our suffering? 3. I hear sincere, intelligent Christians speak of their faith being so strong it knows no doubts or fears. Is such faith attainable by all, and what can one do to rid the mind of doubts which come often, even though struggling to be a Christian? 4. Did God ever command Eve not to eat of the tree of life? In Gen. ii., 17, we have his command to Adam, but I can find no record of such directions to Eve.

P. M. B.

1. This verse is in itself an unmistakable indication that the narrative is not historical, but legendary. 2. The order of nature, with the suffering inseparable from it, is from God, who is, therefore, responsible for the great "mystery of pain." Our exposure to pain nowise discredits his goodness. A parent sends a child to school, though knowing the child will meet some sorrows there. Croup comes from violation of the laws of health, as tears come from violation of school rules. 3. Temperaments, experience, insight, and moral energy vary, and so will attainments vary. Christian activity, and fidelity to the teaching and example of Jesus, are the best cure of doubts. 4. According to Gen. iii., 2, 3, she recognizes a divine command.

1. Can you inform me what, in English history, was the Act of Nonconformity? 2. Will you suggest the best available literature on the institutional church?

H. F. S.

1. You probably mean the "Act of Uniformity." There were four of these successively passed, the last and most noted of which was in 1662, by which the reforming or Puritan party, the present Nonconformists or Dissenters, were finally excluded from the Church of England. 2. The year-book of any one of these churches would probably be the best reference-book. Such churches are St. George's, New York (Dr. Rainsford), Berkeley Temple, Boston (Dr. Dickinson), All Souls', Chicago (the Rev. J. L. Jones). The year-book can probably be had for a small sum on application. That of Mr. Jones for 1893 costs twenty-five cents. Also, send a stamp to the Rev. J. L. Scudder, Jersey City, for an account of the "People's Palace" connected with the Tabernacle Church, and read articles in the "Andover Review," October, 1889, and "Bibliotheca Sacra," July, 1892.

Kindly give me, if you can, some information upon two subjects. 1. There is a proposition before us, advocated by our pastor and many members, for the use of individual small cups or glasses instead of the large goblets now used at the communion service. The reasons (chiefly sanitary) for the change are good and sound, and are obvious to all. We desire to know if there is known any church in which such a custom prevails, and, if there is, something of the details of the plan by which such a practice is carried out. 2. It is our hope and purpose, with the advent of "better times," to add to our facilities for church work by building a chapel; such a building to possess not only the ordinary features of a chapel, but also some of the characteristics of a parish-house. Before undertaking this work, however, we should like to study the plans of some of the more modern buildings which have been erected for such a purpose. To that end we would inquire if any such plans are ever published, and where they can be obtained.

C. M. R.

1. We do not know of any such church, but perhaps some of our readers can inform us. 2. We should think your best course would be to apply to some architect well versed in church plans. We cannot refer you to any publication. We would suggest that you write to Messrs. C. W. & A. A. Stoughton, Station T, New York, who, we think, can serve your purpose.

1. Is Professor Virchow an opponent of evolution? Could you state briefly his position? 2. It has been said that Wallace has turned against evolution; is that true? 3. Some people are not satisfied except by a count of noses. Please give as long a list as you can of the most prominent advocates of theistic evolution.

J. L. R.

1. Neither he nor any other scientist of the first rank now opposes evolution, though as late as 1877 Professor Virchow opposed its being taught in the elementary schools. We cannot give any exact statement of his views. 2. Not true. His book on "Darwinism" (1889) treats the problem of the origin of species on the same general lines as those adopted by Darwin. Differing from Darwin in some details, Wallace declares "the overwhelming importance of Natural Selection over all other agencies in the production of new species." 3. Professor Le Conte, himself one of these, says that one might as well count up the gravitationists as the evolutionists.

1. Can you tell me where I can secure some leaflets giving good reasons in favor of free pews? 2. Is the number of churches adopting the free-pew system increasing? 3. Will you state briefly some reasons for rented pews and some for free pews? 4. What are the advantages of the weekly offering or envelope system for home expenses and benevolences?

P. H. M.

1. Inquiry fails to discover any. 2. Unquestionably they are. 3. The renting system is simpler and more automatic in working, requires less soliciting and care of management, and secures a reserved seat to every one. The free-pew system avoids class distinctions as between rich and poor, and is more inviting to strangers. It is also more economical, since a smaller building will suffice, if no reserved seats have to be provided. It proportions burdens to abilities, and when well managed develops larger liberality in proportion to ability. 4. In general, the advantage of the "installment plan," so that larger totals can be raised. In the benevolent department it provides a way for almsgiving to be made a regular part of worship. Churches that try this way find their benevolent offerings largely increased.

In reply to a recent question: The "Woman's Record" (Sarah J. Hale) says: "Margaret, daughter of Maximilian I., Emperor of Germany, was betrothed to the Dauphin of France, afterward Charles VIII., but did not marry him. She married the Infante of Spain in 1497, who died the same year. In 1501 she married Philibert, Duke of Savoy, who died in 1504. She was Governess of the Netherlands, and displayed her religious zeal against the Lutherans. She died in 1530, aged fifty years."

"C. M. F." asks "if there is published a book of prayers that would be of some assistance to one who finds public extemporaneous prayer something of a trial." We use in the family "Prayers," by George Dawson, M.A.; published in London by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., No. 1 Paternoster Row (Second Series). They are very helpful and beautiful, and I have often wished I might hear them from the pulpit.

L.

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The Third Day She Was Better

and in two weeks she put on her shoes for the first time in ten months. I got six more bottles, and before the fourth was used she was able to do the housework. I saved her from death with Hood's Sarsaparilla and I know it. She took 12 bottles and has since enjoyed the best of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is now her doctor in all cases. The whole

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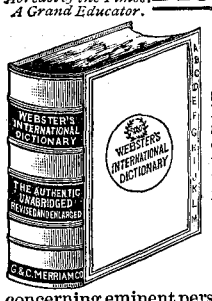

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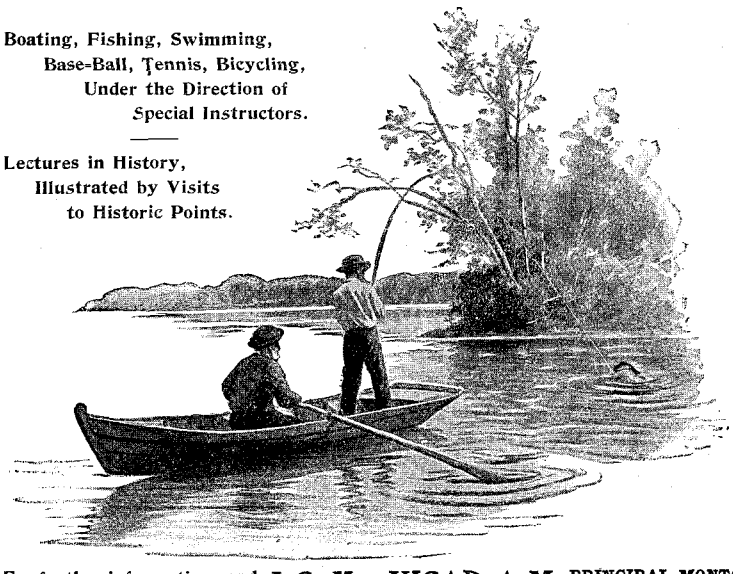

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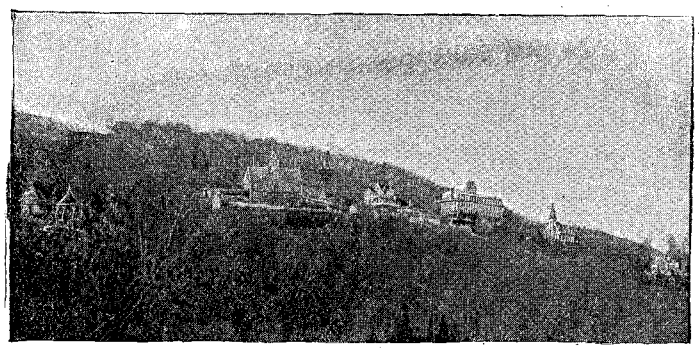

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Financial

There is no feature worth reporting in our money market that changes it in the least from the conditions that have ruled for the past five or six months. The persistency with which money is withheld from investments, either in the securities on the Exchange or in any other direction, is the measure of distrust which rules. Our own state of unsettlement and distrust is exaggerated, so far as the trading and investing in American securities and shares is concerned, in the foreign markets, where they are not so fully conversant with our financial and commercial status as we are. With such vast sums of money on deposit in the banks here, and remaining so long unused, it goes without saying that values are not temporarily depressed, but are seriously menaced. How long our railways will show earnings shrunken 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. from their normal figures, or how long our exchanges, both domestic and foreign, will exhibit a decline of 25 per cent. or more in trade figures, are questions which railway managers and owners and merchants alike are anxiously asking; while manufacturers are equally solicitous as to the 30 per cent. or more reduction of products from their mills and shops. The passage of the Bland Seigniorage Coinage Bill by the Senate on Thursday of this week has introduced a new disturbing factor into the situation, and now everybody is in suspense until it is known whether this last enactment is to become law or is to be vetoed by the President.

We spoke in last week's column of the mystery which puzzles the large gold shipping bankers with reference to the scarcity of sterling bills in the market; when we consider our large merchandise exports during the past eight months, now that the Government statistics are at hand, presenting the facts about these exports, the mystery deepens. The month of February exhibits an excess of merchandise exports of $16,569,516, to which we must add the net exports of silver bullion, which, for the month, are $3,271,320; here we have nearly $20,000,000 of excess of exports against about $12,000,000 excess of imports in February of 1893, or a change in our favor of $32,000,000. For the eight months of the fiscal year the excess of exports is, in merchandise, $218,679,552, and in silver bullion $25,236,685, making an aggregate in our favor of $244,000,000 in the time named, against an aggregate in our favor of about $38,000,000 last year for the corresponding period; and yet, with this great balance of $244,000,000, the excess of gold imports for the same eight months this fiscal year amounts to only $53,303,339; this leaves $190,000,000 excess of merchandise exports the payment for which does not appear in our exchanges. If we allow $70,000,000 for foreign freights and insurance, we still have $120,000,000 which can only be accounted for in the payment of interest, the return of our securities, and in the withdrawal of capital by foreign bankers.

The New York Central Railway Company reports its business for the last quarter, ending March 31, partly estimated, with net surplus, after fixed charges, at $927,000, against $825,000 in the same quarter last year. Notwithstanding the gross was $700,000 less this year's quarter than for 1893, after paying the 1¼ per cent. dividend for the quarter there is a deficit of $235,000, against a deficit for the same quarter last year of $292,000. The exhibit for nine months, after payment of fixed charges and dividends, shows a surplus of $36,700, against a surplus of $57,500 for the same nine months of 1893. The Western Union Telegraph Company shows net earnings, after fixed charges, for the quarter ending in March, of about $800,000, with a deficit, after 1¼ per cent. dividend, of over $300,000—a decline of about 33 per cent. in net earnings as compared with the quarter of 1893, which is a fair index of general shrinkage in our domestic exchanges, representing the decrease in the volume of National commerce.

Wall Street markets have held steady to strong at small advances in Grangers during the past week, and with quite an improvement in the Industrials, and yet the trading has been dull, held in suspense by the causes named.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$3,108,600
Specie, increase	1,219,200
Legal tenders, increase	2,240,400
Deposits, increase	7,162,700
Reserve, increase	1,668,925

This gives the banks a surplus reserve of $77,302,300. Money closes 1 per cent. on call.

WALL STREET.

A Portuguese Prince's Quin-Centennial

Great were the celebrations on Sunday, March the fourth, at Oporto, the town of his birth, on the occasion of the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Prince Henry (Dom Enrique el Navegador), to whose primary inspiration Portuguese maritime power and possessions are due, and to whom we owe the discovery of more than one-half of the globe. As a young man he obtained such great military renown that he was asked in turn by Juan II. of Castile, by Henry V. of England, by the Emperor, and by the Pope, to command their respective forces. But he would none of them, having already heard from the Moors of the strange and rich towns of Africa from which they had said the stranger and richer towns of India were within sailing distance. He had already decided on an attempt, visionary as it seemed, to reach India by rounding Africa. At that time the Venetians were the greatest navigators, and Cape Nun was supposed to be the earth's farthest point. Prince Henry had long been devoting himself to the study of mathematics and astronomy, had built the first observatory in Portugal and established its first school of navigation. For forty years he furnished, at his own pains and expense, successive fleets which discovered the Madeiras, the Azores, and the African coast as far south as Sierra Leone. Though the Prince died before the fulfillment of his darling desire, the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, and the consequent opening to the world of a sea-route to India, yet that which had hitherto been the passion and perseverance of an individual now became the heritage and impetus of a whole nation. Portugal and the world would hardly have realized the epoch-making events at the end of the fifteenth century had it not been for that indomitable spirit which came into being at the end of the fourteenth.

German Opera

The immense popular as well as artistic success of the recent performances of Wagner's "Walküre" at Carnegie Music Hall, in this city, has led Mr. Walter Damrosch to arrange for another rendering of "Walküre," at the Metropolitan Opera-House, on Monday evening, March 27, and a performance of "Götterdämmerung" on Wednesday evening, March 28. These performances will be for the benefit of the University Settlement Society and the New York Kindergarten Association.

FINANCIAL

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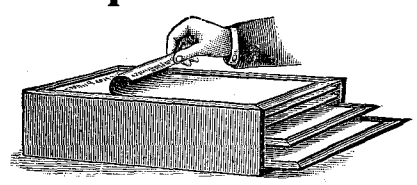

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Warm Clothing

In writing about "Clothing as a Protection Against Cold," Dr. Robson Roose, an English authority, lays much stress on three points that are too generally disregarded. Not clothing, but plenty of exercise and proper food, are the sources of bodily warmth; clothing does not give warmth, but only retains that of the body. Therefore at least one hour a day should be devoted to active exercise, after which a cold bath should be taken, if possible, and a change of underclothing certainly.

One heavy garment of any kind is not so effective in retaining bodily heat as two much lighter garments of that kind. Between separate garments lies a layer of air, warmed from the body; and as still air is an excellent nonconductor of heat, it keeps the body's from radiation, or going away on the moving outer air.

Another advantage of thin woolen garments is that they can be easily reduced or multiplied in number worn, to suit changes of weather. Many athletic men value this advantage greatly, and wear two or even three light overcoats instead of one heavy one in severely cold weather. When a thaw comes, they lay one or more off, and so escape the overheating and sweating from which the heavy-coated suffer during warm winter spells.

The Japanese and Chinese both understand this principle well, and go clad in thin garments, each layer formed like its fellow. They reduce or add to the number of layers according to the degree of outer cold.

Moderately loose garments retain the body's warmth much better than tight ones, simply because the loose include more air that the body has warmed.

Again, a loosely woven fabric is better than one woven closely. This is not commonly appreciated enough by civilized people, who are apt to choose close-woven, thick garments for winter wear. The American Northwest Indian knows better. He goes clad in blankets, and his squaw weaves him, from small peltries, a coarse robe that is wonderfully effective.

The rabbit or squirrel or sometimes gopher skins are cut into strips with the hair or fur on, and these strips are woven *crisscross* so loosely that a finger can easily be poked through. Yet in such a robe one can sleep in a tent without fire on a far-below-zero night and feel positively hot. So if "By oh, Baby Bunting's" mother got that sort of a rabbit-skin to wrap Baby Bunting in, the infant was well protected.

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About People

—One of the largest Sunday-school classes in Washington is taught by Associate Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court.

—The candidacy of the poet and humorist, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, for the Mayoralty of Yonkers, N. Y., is exciting much pleasant talk in the papers.

—Professor Hubert Herkomer has put the phonograph to a new use, by delivering his art lectures into the instrument. Students come when they feel like it, and "turn on the Professor."

—After the retirement of General O. O. Howard from active service, he will reside at Burlington, Vt., where his son, Captain Guy Howard, is now engaged in the construction of a new cavalry post, Fort Ethan Allen.

—The Shah is about to descend on Europe again, and the monarchs, especially of Russia, Germany, and Great Britain, are in despair. The Shah always travels with an enormous retinue, and lives according to his wont when at home.

—The birth of an heir to the Chinese throne at this time is an event of more than ordinary importance to the peace of the Empire. Kuang Hsu is the first Emperor of the present dynasty whose right of occupancy is not based upon lineal descent.

—The wife of that able ex-Liberal whip, Mr. Marjoribanks (pronounced "Marshbanks"), whom fate has so infelicitously shot into the peerage, is Lady Fanny Spencer Churchill, a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill and of the late Duke of Marlborough.

—According to foreign papers, the ex-Empress Eugénie has given a fabulous sum of money as a wedding-gift to her niece, Princess Eugénie Letitia, second daughter of Prince Charles Bonaparte, who has just been betrothed to Prince Fabrizio Massimo.

—That representative colored educator, Mr. Booker Washington, Principal of the Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Ala., has just delivered a remarkable address before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, and has been asked by the Political Science Club of Cornell University to repeat it at Ithaca.

—The death of the famous Justice Stephen recalls the last great trial over which he presided, that of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who, in August, 1889, was convicted of causing the death of her husband by the use of arsenic, and who is now in Woking Prison, her death-sentence having been commuted to imprisonment for life.

—The late William Frederick Poole, whose services with regard both to library management and to the indexing of periodical literature will long be gratefully remembered, was seven or eight years in going through Yale, being continually obliged to earn money by outside labors in order to pay for his college course. While in New Haven he was made librarian of a literary society, and, by indexing the books after a new plan, he showed such a peculiar fitness for work of this kind that it decided his future career.

—The new United States Minister to Paraguay and Uruguay, Captain Granville Stuart, ought to be able to take care of himself in case of the usual South American revolution, for he is a man from "away up the gulch," as they say out in Montana, who has not only pioneered his way to the top in that State, but has long been a terror to cattle-rustlers, and a firm defender of border law. Captain Stuart is now over sixty, more than six feet tall, and with his long white beard recalls the pictures of Old Testament patriarchs.

—Christian IX., Oscar II., and Leopold II., who are well along in years, make a point of walking about their capitals in citizen's dress, quite unattended save by possibly a favorite dog, and are never so happy as when treated like ordinary men. It is reserved, however, for those mature personages, Alexander of Servia and Abbas of Egypt, *æt.* seventeen and eighteen respectively, by their susceptibility to flattery and subservience, to compel even foreign tourists to be arrested when not quick and deferential enough in salutation.

—In pleasant distinction to the well-known exclusiveness of his court, Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary is perhaps the most accessible of any monarch to his subjects. On certain days, any one, high or low, rich or poor, may come and be sure of an audience with the kind Kaiser. One day a peasant woman who wished the intervention of his Majesty in a lawsuit, in order to help matters, brought a month-old pig in her arms as a gift. She had her interview, but was greatly chagrined when the Emperor insisted upon her carrying the pig back home again.

—The eightieth birthday of Mr. Henry W. Sage was remembered by the Board of Trustees of Cornell University, who presented him with a silver memorial vase, allegorically ornamented and appropriately inscribed. Mr. Sage's latest gift to Cornell surely demands some such acknowledgment. The collection of casts in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts alone excels that of the new Sage museum of Classical Archæology at Ithaca, where are over five hundred full-size plaster casts of Greek and Roman bronzes and marbles, and of examples in Egyptian, Chaldean, Assyrian, Persian, and Etruscan sculpture.

—Prime Minister Crispi was a college boy when, against his parents' wishes, he married Rosina Sciarra, the daughter of his landlord. She died two years later. His second wife was Rosalie Montmasson, the daughter of his washerwoman. The love-making had gone on through prison bars, for the failure of Mazzini's revolution in Lombardy had resulted in Crispi's being locked up indefinitely with his fellow-plotters, and they were released only on condition of being exiled from the country. The Premier's third wife is the daughter of a Government official in Syracuse, and is said to be as entertaining as she is rich and charitable.

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A Story of a Czar

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was in the habit of traveling about incognito, accompanied only by one of his Generals, in the diligence. On one of these occasions they were told on arriving at a postal station that the next piece of road was so bad the diligence would take quite three hours to reach the town, but if they liked to walk through the woods they would get there in half that time. As the weather was fine, and the path through the woods was said to be a very good one, the Emperor and the General set off on foot. By and by they came suddenly to a rapid river, but they could see no bridge. A peasant happened to come by, and the Czar asked him where the bridge was.

"There is none," said the peasant.

"Then is there no way across?"

"No—only through the water."

"Well, I'll give you ten roubles if you'll carry me over."

The peasant immediately took the Czar on his shoulders, and in a few minutes landed him on the opposite shore.

"Now, ten roubles more to bring my friend over."

The peasant waded back, took the General on his shoulders, and started with him. When they got to the middle the Emperor called out:

"I'll give you twenty roubles to drop him into the water!"

In a moment the General was splashing in the river.

"A hundred roubles to carry me on," gasped the General.

The peasant picked him up again, but had not gone three steps before the Emperor shouted:

"Two hundred roubles to throw him in again!"

The peasant stood still in perplexity.

"Five hundred roubles to carry me to the bank!"

"Eight hundred roubles to drop him!"

The peasant began to slip the General off his back, but the General clutched him tightly and cried:

"A thousand roubles to put me on the bank!"

The Emperor was laughing too much to say any more, the General was put on shore, and the two, guided by the peasant, reached the town. After they had lunched, the General made up his official imperial accounts. In them were these items:

"To carrying his Majesty over the river, ten roubles; to carrying General A., under difficulties graciously created by his Majesty, one thousand roubles."

Was He the Right Kind?

The Detroit "Free Press," which prints the following story, heads it "The Right Kind." Some people would think "An Impudent Boy" a better title:

"The merchant had arrived at his office as early as seven o'clock, and five minutes after he got down to his desk, a foxy-looking, bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly, and spoke.

"'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but I'm in a hurry.'

"The merchant looked up.

"'What do you want?' he asked.

"'I want a job, if you've got one or me.'

"'Oh, do you?' snorted the merchant. 'Well, what are you in such a hurry about?'

"'I've got to be, that's why,' was the sharp response. 'I left school yesterday evening to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me, say so, and I'll skip. The only place where I can stop long in is the place where they pay me for it.'

"The merchant looked at the clock. 'When can you come?' he asked.

"'I don't have to come,' replied the youngster; 'I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this, if you'd said so.'

"Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants it."

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

SIXTH INTERVIEW

By the Special Commissioner

With Mrs. PHILLIPS, of 17 St. Clair Street, Glasgow, Relative to the Case of her Son (which was published in the weekly papers) in February, 1892.

Had Mr. and Mrs. Phillips followed the course adopted by many people and sat down with folded hands when told that there was no hope of saving their only son's life, they would beyond all question have had to mourn his loss; but, as a perusal of the following lines will show, they took another course.

This boy had had a severe attack of influenza, which left him with a harassing cough and offensive expectoration. He had pains at back and front of both lungs. The body was wasting, but the feet were swelling alarmingly. Altogether his position and his prospects of recovery, under ordinary treatment, were very slight indeed. But when ordinary treatment failed, Mr. Phillips, having, as will presently appear, some previous knowledge of Mr. Congreve, applied to him.

In conversation with Mrs. Phillips recently I asked her what was the condition of her son at this time, and she replied:

"He was very ill—very near death. There is no doubt that he was in a deep consumption."

"What was your reason for thinking that, Mrs. Phillips?" I asked.

"I knew the symptoms only too well, for I have lost three sisters in consumption."

"I understand that you had called in medical advice?"

"Oh yes; but the doctor who was attending him gave him up."

"Well, you didn't give up hope, evidently. Tell me, please, what was the result of his taking the medicine Mr. Congreve sent him."

"In a few days the expectoration became much less offensive, and gradually both that and the cough disappeared. The swelling of the feet ceased. He made steady progress from the first, and soon gained both flesh and strength."

"Now, Mrs. Phillips, what do you suppose would have happened if your son had not been placed under Mr. Congreve for treatment?"

"He would have died—nothing could have saved him."

"How is your son now?"

"He is keeping well and strong. He has absolutely no weakness. As Mr. Phillips wrote: 'I look back to the time when he was nothing but skin and bone, and thank God for Mr. Congreve's medicine, for now he is strong and hearty, and better than he ever was in his life.' He is at work at a situation in *Buchanan Street*."

Before I left, Mrs. Phillips told me how it came about that her husband applied to Mr. Congreve. Mr. Phillips's father was a Baptist minister at Snailbeach, and he had recommended Mr. Rowson, who is now a minister at Welshpool, to try the treatment, and wrote to Mr. Congreve for medicine. "Mr. Rowson could hardly walk (said Mr. Phillips), but he became a fine stout man; I hardly knew him, such was the change."

That Mr. Phillips's confidence was not misplaced will be the firm opinion of all who read the brief account of the restoration to health of his son.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post-free for 25 cents, or the book will be sent free with every first order of $1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR can be obtained from many drug-stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of 50 cents, $1.00, $1.75, $3.75, or $7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered. CANADIAN BILLS and Stamps cannot be received. Send money-order.

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5 Named Gladiolus, 5 fine colors, white, scarlet, yellow, pink, and blotched, the 5 for 10 cents.
15 Named Gladiolus, the 15 finest varieties, $1.00.
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Incandescent Lamps

The beautiful little glow-lamp, with its fragile bulb and delicate filament, is a far more interesting production than its massive and cumbersome progenitor, the arc lamp. In our rapid tour through the incandescent-lamp factory we are more struck than ever by the share that female labor takes in the electrical industries. We know that the inhabitants of "Central" all belong to the gentler sex, and that the telegraph-key is often handled by the nimble fingers of a woman; in the factories that we have already visited we have seen girls busily employed in winding fine wire on the spools of small electro-magnets for telegraph and telephone instruments, and coarser wire on the armatures of small dynamos and motors, and in many other of the lighter and finer tasks incident to electrical manufactures. Electricity has opened many new avenues of employment for women who have to earn their own living; the work is almost always of an attractive nature, and as increased skill is acquired with practice and experience, a very satisfactory rate of pay, compared with that which obtains in other industries where female labor is largely used, is attained.

As we pass from one part of the lamp-factory to another, we see the little bulbs in a formative stage, like a small bottle with a neck at each end, in one place, the carbon filaments in another, the bases and connecting wires in a third, the finished lamps in a fourth. The process of manufacturing the carbon filaments from bamboo threads is a long and intricate one, and is carried on in strict seclusion as a trade secret. But we can see the quick-fingered girls pick up the hair-like filaments and joint them to the little pieces of platinum wire which are fused into the neck of the bulb; to the platinum wires are soldered other pieces of copper wire, which connect with the brass screw cap and button, insulated from each other by plaster of Paris, that form the base of the lamp. When the filament is inserted in the bulb and the base sealed up, the tube which projects from the top of the bulb is connected to a mercury air-pump to exhaust the air from the bulb; this done, the tube is cut off and the bulb sealed up at the same moment, leaving the little point or cone that is to be seen on the top of all incandescent lamps. There are many intermediate operations in the evolution of the glow-lamp, and every part of the work is checked by the most careful supervision, and each lamp is closely examined and tested before being wrapped and packed for shipment. The carbon filaments must be accurately measured and their resistance tested, the platinum wires must be just so long—or rather just so short—and no longer, every joint and connection must be perfect, and every juncture of glass with metal must be rigorously air-tight.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Bureau Needed

If, says a writer in "Lippincott's," we may trust the occasional reports which come from experts of the highest character, literary mendicancy is largely practiced at the expense of well-known authors. They have their work to do and their families to support, like the rest of us; but they might spend all their time in unsolicited tasks of misguided and useless charity. A youth in the rural regions, or a maiden fresh from school, sends a portfolio of verse or a novel of one hundred thousand words, demanding that it be read, revised, reported on, and furnished with a publisher. Long letters come in by every mail from those who seek a guide, philosopher, and friend, a mentor, guardian, and Mæcenas all in one. They show no conception of that reciprocity which the books tell us is the corner-stone of social morals and relations: their cry is always this, "I want help, and you must help me."

There ought to be a Bureau of Literary Charities to examine and appraise these voluntary contributions, and give their writers good advice. In the vast majority of cases the report could be only, "Your effusions show no marked talent," or, at best, "You have much to learn, and a long apprenticeship to serve, before your writings can have value. Unless you have independent means, you must find some other way of self-support. Even if you possess a competence, is it not better to find some useful occupation than to strive for entrance to the most precarious and overcrowded of professions, and dedicate yourself to a cause which you may never be able to serve with profit and acceptance?" Yet the chance that this counsel might be heeded—say in one case out of ten—would justify the existence of the Bureau.

Books Received

JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK
Alden's Nutshell Cyclopedia, Vol. I. 60 cts.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Maclay, Edward S. History of the Navy. Vol. I.
Grand, Sarah. Our Manifold Nature—Stories from Life. $1.
Gerard, Dorothea. Lot 13. $1.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.
De Guimps, Baron Roger. Pestalozzi. 50 cts.
Laurie, S. S. Comenius's Life and Works. 50 cts.

BURR BROTHERS, NEW YORK
Burr, Frederic M. Life and Works of Alexander Anderson, M.D.: The First American Wood-Engraver. $4.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK
Porritt, Edward. The Englishman at Home. $1.75.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Lincoln, John Larkin. In Memoriam, 1817-1891. $3.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK
Findlay, George G. The Epistles of Paul the Apostle. $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Little, W. J. Knox, M.A. Sacerdotalism. $1.75.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Conybeare, F. C. The Apology and Acts of Apollonius, and Other Monuments of Early Christianity. $3.50.
Church, R. W. Village Sermons. $1.75.
Palgrave, R. H. Inglis. Dictionary of Political Economy. Parts I. to VI.
Kidd, Benjamin. Social Evolution. $2.50.
Windelband, Dr. W. A History of Philosophy. Translated by James H. Tufts. $5.
Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Redgauntlet. $1.25.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, CHICAGO
Stoddard, Charles W. Hawaiian Life.

THE F. H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Reed, David A. Outline of Fundamental Doctrines of the Bible. 75 cts.
Brookes, James H. The Christ. $1.25.
Kipp, P. E. Is Moses Scientific? $1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Gossip, G. H. D. The Chess Pocket Manual. $1.
Ormond, Alexander T. Basal Concepts in Philosophy. $1.50.
Pasquier, Chancellor. Memoirs. Edited by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier. Translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. II. $2.50.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Paull, Mrs. George A. Aschenbrödel. 50 cts.

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A Brain and Nerve Food
for lecturers, teachers, students, clergymen, lawyers, and brain-workers generally.

To Congregationalists

Congregational Home Missionary Society,
Bible House, New York, March 1, 1894.

The Executive Committee of the Congregational Home Missionary Society is compelled by the financial situation in which the Society to-day finds itself to give notice to the Congregational churches of the United States, whose agent it is, that there is every probability that the work of the Society for the new year, which begins April 1, will have to be seriously curtailed.

The receipts for the eleven months of the year now closing have fallen off in contributions $78,000, and in legacies $79,000, a total of $157,000, and we are now borrowing $125,000.

A large increase of gifts during the present month is all that will save us from a step which will occasion widespread disturbance and serious loss to the cause, but which otherwise is inevitable; and this notwithstanding the fact that no increase has been made in the expenditures of the National Society for the past three years.

The Committee appeals for an immediate response from every Congregationalist in the land, that we may be relieved from a situation full of distress to us all.

WILLIAM IVES WASHBURN, Chairman,
ASA A. SPEAR, Recording Secretary,
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CHARLES H. PARSONS,
JAMES G. ROBERTS,
SAMUEL H. VIRGIN,
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OUR RAINBOW COLLECTION OF 20 ROSES FOR $1. PREPAID BY MAIL.
Good & Reese's Roses are on their own roots.
The roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this summer either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy, ever bloomers. We send instructions with each order how to plant and care for them. Please examine the below list of 20 choice fragrant monthly roses, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as $1. They are nearly all new kinds.—We guarantee them to reach you in good condition, and we also guarantee them to be the best dollar's worth of roses you have ever purchased. THE RAINBOW COLLECTION OF 20 ROSES FOR ONE DOLLAR MUST BE ORDERED COMPLETE.
The List:—Bridesmaid, the best pink rose by far ever introduced. Princess of Wales, amber yellow, deepening to orange. Snowflake, pure white, always in bloom. Princess de Radziwell, lovely coral red. Pearl of the Gardens, deep golden yellow. Beauty of Stapleford, bright rosy crimson. Queen of Fragrance, in clusters of 6 to 10 roses, white edged pink. Rheingold, beautiful shades of saffron and tawn. Sunset, golden amber, resembles an "afterglow." Dr. Grill, coppery yellow and fawny rose. Duchess Marie Immaculata, an intermingling of bronze, orange, yellow, pink and crimson. Lady Castlereagh, soft rosy crimson and yellow. Papa Gontier, lovely dark red. Star of Gold, the queen of all yellow roses. Waban, a great rose in bloom all the time. Lady Stanley, great garden rose. Viscountesse Wautier, one of the best roses grown. Cleopatra, soft shell pink, lovely. Sappho, fawn suffused with red. Letty Coles, very chaste and beautiful.
THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.
This applies to Floral matters as well as to matters culinary.
Ballinger, Texas, Nov. 29.
The GOOD & REESE CO., Springfield, O. Gentlemen: The 20 ever blooming roses you sent me for $1. arrived yesterday in the most splendid condition, and allow me to say that I was absolutely surprised at the size of the stalks and the amount, length and thriftiness of the roots. I have wondered many times how you could afford to send out such roses for such a small price. Every home in the land should have their yard full of ever blooming roses at this price.
Yours,
(Judge) C. H. WILLINGHAM.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 20, 1893.
The GOOD & REESE CO., Springfield, O. Gentlemen: I wish to thank you for the excellent assortment of roses contained in your Rainbow Collection. On May 3, I planted them, 19 of them lived. About six of them bloomed in June, since which all have bloomed either monthly or perpetual, true to their color. On Sept. 1, I counted 106 buds and blooms on the 19 roses. They were much admired by my friends and neighbors, and allow me to thank you for furnishing this source of pleasure so cheaply.
Very respectfully,
82 Fifth Avenue. E. D. SMITH.
We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 12 Hardy Roses, all different colors, $1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, $1. 16 Geraniums, double and single, flowered and scented, $1. 12 choice Begonias, different kinds, $1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, $1. Our handsome, illustrated, 132-page Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10c. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices. WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. We have large two year old Roses for immediate effect. Liberal Premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half. When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. Try us. Address
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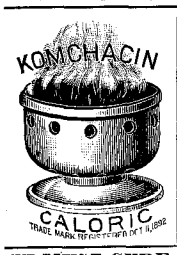

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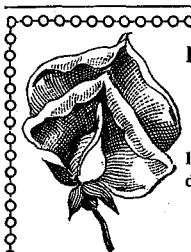

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A Prejudice

I was climbing up a mountain-path,
With many things to do—
Important business of my own,
And other people's, too—
When I ran across a *Prejudice*
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed;
My strength and time were limited—
I carried quite a load;
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by.
He smiled—but as for moving,
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
My time was short—no other path—
The mountain winds were cool;
I argued like a Solomon—
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,
I danced and howled and swore;
I pelted and belabored him
Till I was stiff and sore;
He got as mad as I did,
But he sat there, as before.

And then I begged him on my knees—
I might be kneeling still,
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill will—
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!

So I sat before him helpless,
In an ecstasy of woe;
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow,
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair;
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air,
And I *walked directly through him*,
As if he wasn't there!

—*Charlotte P. Stetson.*

—At the opening of deliberations in the Hawaiian National Assembly, President Dole is his own chaplain.

—In a recent speech against the House of Lords, the proprietor of the London "Daily Telegraph," Sir Edward Lawson, parodied the well known hymn as follows:

Let earls and barons squash Home Rule,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let dukes and bishops play the fool,
For God has made them so.

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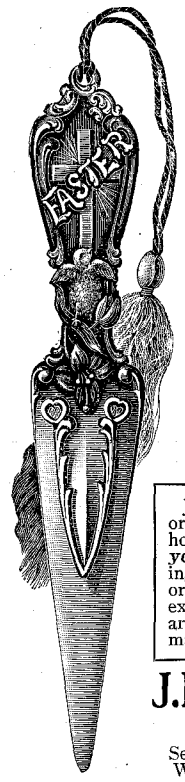

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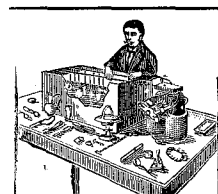

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